

# The Sketch.



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,  
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

## SHOOLBRED'S SPRING RENOVATIONS AND RE-DECORATION

Furniture repaired, cleaned, & polished — Bedding cleaned & re-made

CARPETS, LINENS, WINDOW FABRICS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

## FEROCAL

(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD).

Ferocal is UNRIVALLED  
for QUICKLY GROWING and DELICATE CHILDREN.  
It STRENGTHENS, NOURISHES, & IMPROVES the APPETITE.

In bottles, 1/9, 2/9, and 4/6, of all Chemists.

SQUIRE & SONS, LTD., THE KING'S CHEMISTS,  
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

## HENLEY'S

DELICIOUS and DEVONSHIRE.

All good Wine Merchants sell this Wholesome  
and Healthful Drink.

Obtainable in Bottles, Extra Dry, Dry, and Medium Sweet.  
(Buff, Green, and Gold Labels.)

Also in Casks, 6 and 10 gallons, Extra Dry or Medium Sweet.  
(Special "F" Brand.)

Henley & Son, Newton Abbot, Devon.  
London: 51/55, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.

## CYDER.

## LASCELLES & Co.

LIMITED,

Fine-Art Photo-Mechanical Etchers & Engravers

IN

LINE, HALF-TONE, THREE-COLOUR, & PHOTOGRAVURE.

Speciality: Photogravure Etching, Both Flat and Rotary.  
PROMPT SERVICE. QUALITY FIRST CLASS.

27, FLORAL STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: 1030 Regent.

Telegrams: "Lasciata, London."

Old

## Bushmills

Whiskey

Invigorates invalids — and others.

## NATIONAL



## RELIEF FUND

The Prince to the People.

Buckingham Palace.

"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the hearts of the British people that I  
confidently make this most earnest appeal."

EDWARD P.

Subscriptions must be addressed to  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,  
Buckingham Palace, London.

All letters may be sent post free.



**"GOSSARD"**

LACE IN FRONT

**CORSETS**

AT

**MARSHALL**

&amp;

**SNELGROVE'S,**

OXFORD ST. LONDON.

Booklet sent on request.

**ST. ERMINS HOTEL**

AT THE HEART OF LONDON.



The Most Quiet yet Most Central Position of all the large London Hotels, in close proximity to all the principal places of interest, connected by Private Corridor with St. James's Park Station, making it

**CONVENIENT FOR ALL PARTS OF LONDON.****INCLUSIVE TERMS upon Application.**

Excellent Grill-Room. Moderate Charges. Steam Heated.  
Every Modern Comfort. Bedrooms with Private Bathroom.

AFTERNOON CONCERT TEAS served in the  
**HANDSOMELY-APPOINTED LOUNGE,**

Orchestra, 4.30 till 11 p.m.

Illustrated Booklet and Tariff Post Free on application to the Manager—

**ST. ERMINS HOTEL****ST. JAMES'S PARK - - - LONDON, S.W.**

Telephone: Victoria 7120 (9 Lines).

Telegrams: "Erminites Vic.," London.

**IONA****SCOTCH WHISKY**

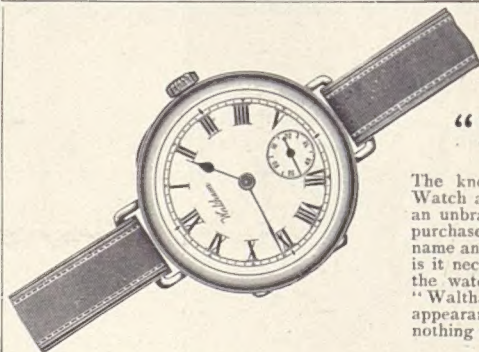
Fully matured, mellowed with age, and free from all acidity, "IONA" at once appeals to the palate of those who appreciate the best in Scotch Whisky.

Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "IONA" possesses an unequalled flavour, and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

Auchentoshan  
Distillery, N.B.

**G. & J. MACLACHLAN LTD.**  
Established 1820. **GLASGOW.**

**PRESENTS  
"For the Front"**

The known reliability of the Waltham Watch as against the unknown quality of an unbranded watch, leads discriminating purchasers to choose a timekeeper with a name and reputation behind it. Especially is it necessary to be on the safe side when the watch is for use at the Front. A "Waltham" is sure to be satisfactory. In appearance and in performance it leaves nothing to be desired. Look for the name.

**WALTHAM Wristlet Watches.**

Of all Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

For Gentlemen.		In Silver Cases.		For Ladies.	
Maximus...	£8 10 0	No. 165...	£3 14 0	Maximus...	£8 3 6
Riverside...	£6 14 3	No. 161...	2 14 3	Ruby...	£5 11 3
Lady Waltham	4 18 9	No. 160...	2 9 0	Sapphire...	5 2 0

SOLD ALSO IN GOLD AND ROLLED GOLD CASES.

Write for "Wristlet Watch" Pamphlet to—

Waltham Watch Co. (Dept. 55), 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

**HAIR NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL****ALL-ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS ANY DESIGN 30/-**

CHICNONS, Curled, Waved, or Plaited.

7/6 10/6



15/6

30/-  
All-Round

SEND  
TO-DAY  
for New  
Illustrated  
Catalogue  
just  
Published.

Latest Novelty  
40-in. **SWATHE**  
To Coil **21/-**  
or Plait **15/6**

or Semi-Front

GENT'S  
WIGS, 42/-

**TEST & GUARANTEE** We send all Goods on approval and exchange with pleasure. This is our Guarantee of Good Faith. No other firm will do this unreservedly as we do.

**THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD.** Dept. "S."  
9, NEWMAN ST., OXFORD ST., W. LONDON  
Tel.: 1313 Museum.



# The Sketch

No. 1155.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

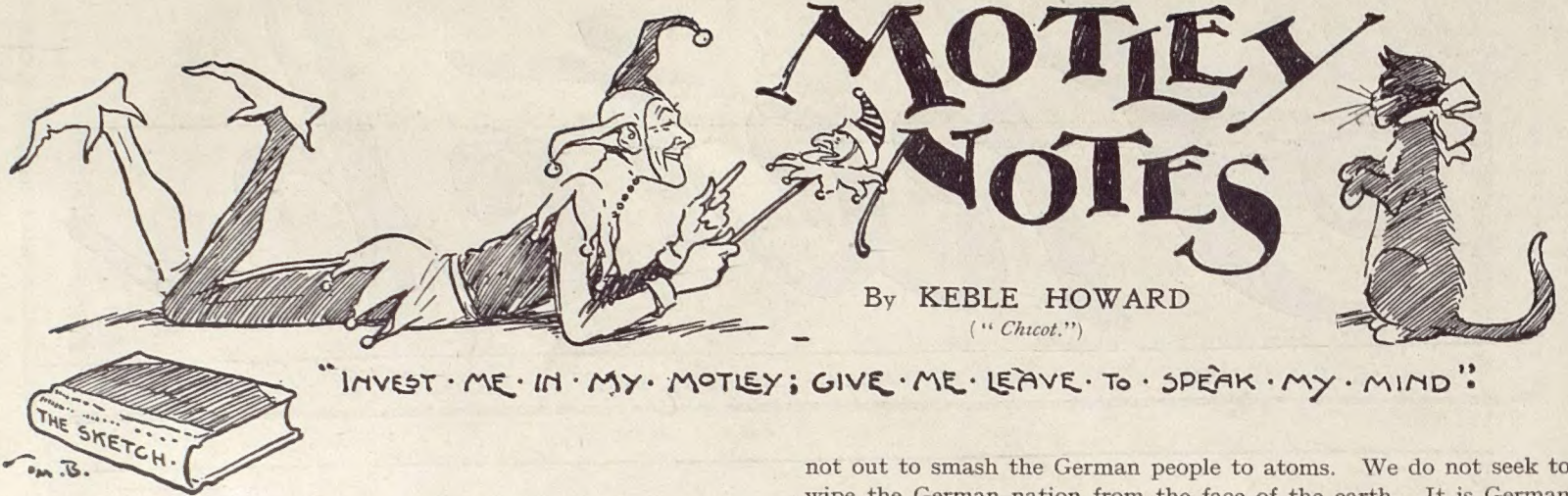


GABY—THE LADY LIL OF "ROSY RAPTURE, THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS": AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE ARTISTE.

As we note under portraits of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, published elsewhere in this Issue, of the Beauty Chorus," should be produced at the Duke of York's yesterday. On Sunday it was arranged that Sir James M. Barrie's new burlesque, "Rosy Rapture, The Pride it was decided to postpone production for a few days.

CARICATURE BY JOHN KETTLEWELL.





**An Angry Reader.** I thought it would happen. Indeed, I should have been rather disappointed had it not happened. I thought, when I pictured Germany as a prisoner in the dock, and England as the magistrate on the bench telling the prisoner to mend his ways, that somebody would chastise me for daring to hint that Germany could possibly drag herself out of the mire into which she has so rashly plunged.

Allow me, first of all, to remind you of the little homily I put into the mouth of Magistrate England: "Well, my man, I'm afraid you find yourself in a very awkward and a somewhat ignominious position. It is in my power to pass a severe sentence upon you, and it is my duty to punish you. But I do not wish, as the representative of British Justice, to seem vindictive. I want to give you a chance. I want you, as the result of this experience, to be a better man. You see now that these ways into which you have fallen lead to misery for yourself. Society will not tolerate such practices. Come, then, take yourself in hand before it is too late. If not for your own sake, at any rate for the sake of your children, resolve to do better in future. All I want is your word of honour—in which I still have faith—solemnly and seriously given, and I am prepared to let you off with a comparatively light punishment. The keynote of British Justice is Tolerance."

That is hardly the attitude, I suggest, that wins the Iron Cross.

**A Terrible Letter!** Here is the rebuke—  
"SIR,—I buy *The Sketch* every week to send to the Front, and read—until now—with much pleasure your 'Motley Notes' before it goes, but I really cannot stand your positively imbecile remarks about German honour, under label, 'The Higher Way' (page 166, March 3). Heavens, man! hasn't anyone told you that it is because Germans have no honour, and have broken every word they have ever given, that there is now an awful war waging? You really can't write such stuff as that nowadays. Tension is too high. We can't stand it."

To which I here reply—

"MY DEAR LADY,—Imbecile though I may appear, I have followed the progress of the War with such intelligence as I possess, and I have felt, as we have all felt, that nothing would wipe out the atrocities of Belgium but one huge lake of German blood. I have devised the most horrible tortures for the officers who sanctioned those atrocities, and, from August on, I have humbly obeyed the orders of various people, some qualified to give them and some not, so that I might be ready to bear my part in the punitive expedition.

"But when your enemy begins to stagger, though you must not withhold the knock-out blow—for that would be sheer sentimentality—you begin to see that conquest brings with it its own responsibilities. It is one thing to stretch your foe at your feet; it is another to take a knife and hack the senseless form into little pieces. Savages do that, but the English are not savages."

**What Burke Said.** "There was once a rather wise person of the name of Edmund Burke. Do you remember what he said on this subject? 'I do not know the method of drawing-up an indictment against a whole people.' Study the speeches of our leading orators since the outbreak of this War, and you will find the same thought clothed in other words. We are

not out to smash the German people to atoms. We do not seek to wipe the German nation from the face of the earth. It is German militarism that we are after, that we will not tolerate, that we have to smash. German militarism dictated the atrocities in Belgium—not the unfortunate German people as a whole. Get hold of the most level-headed man you know—whether you may think him an imbecile or not—and he will tell you precisely the same thing.

"Why is American sympathy entirely on the side of the Allies? For the very reason that the Allies do not want to crush Germany out of existence, but to put a stop to the senseless, extravagant, barbaric vice of militarism.

"So please don't be cross any longer, my dear lady, and please continue to send *The Sketch* to the Front—even though you find it necessary to omit your reading of 'Motley Notes' before it goes.—

"YOUR FAITHFUL IMBECILE."

#### The Bully.

He hoisted himself into the railway-carriage with both hands, sank heavily into two seats, and then proceeded to survey the company. He was about six-foot-six in height, and weighed about thirty stone. Immediately opposite to him was a lad reading a book.

"Reading novels!" roared the big man in a voice that easily drowned the rattle of the train. "Beats me how anybody can read novels when the greatest war in the history of the world is going on. What do you say, Sir?" He turned to the man on his left.

The man on his left made a non-committal answer.

"You think this is a novel?" replied the boy quietly. "Have a look!" He turned the book round so that we could all see it. The pages were covered with mathematical hieroglyphics.

"Signalling!" said the big man, not in the least abashed. "If you want to learn anything about signalling, you come to me! I can tell you all about that!" He turned to the man on his right. "Now, Sir, what is your opinion of Lloyd George? Is he doing well, or isn't he?"

"I think he's doing very well."

"So do I," roared the big man, "but it's more to his credit that I should say it than *you*, because you're a Radical."

"What makes you think that?"

"I can see by the cut of yer jib."

"Well, as it happens, I'm not."

"Oh, you're not, aren't you? Then answer me one question. I'm travelling in a carriage that I haven't paid for. Can you tell me in six words what you think of that? I'll bet you can't! You don't know what to say, old pet! You're stumped!"

"Not at all. My answer is, you're doing the company."

The big man shook with laughter. "That's good! That's very good! Don't you think that's good?" He insisted on dragging me into the conversation.

"I think," I said gently, "that you'd be doing the company whatever you paid for your ticket."

He was delighted. But he must have had something of a conscience, for he rose, directly the train stopped, presumably to get into his proper compartment. Some soldiers in a hurry attempted to enter ours.

"Now, then, old pet!" roared the big man. "Don't you know better than to incommode a gentleman when he wants to get out of the train?"

The soldiers apologised and made way for him. The big man barged his path along the platform, roaring as he went.

Militarism.



THE FIGHTING FILBERTS.



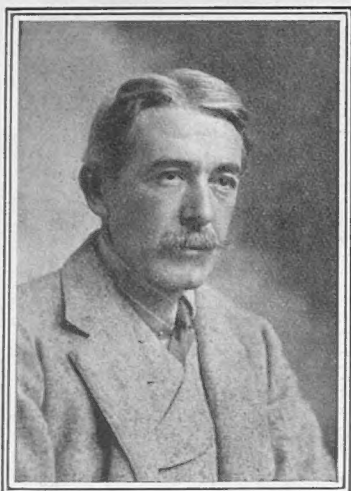
DAISY : What *can* have happened to all the nuts we used to see ?

DOLLY : Oh, don't you know, dear ; they're away getting shelled.

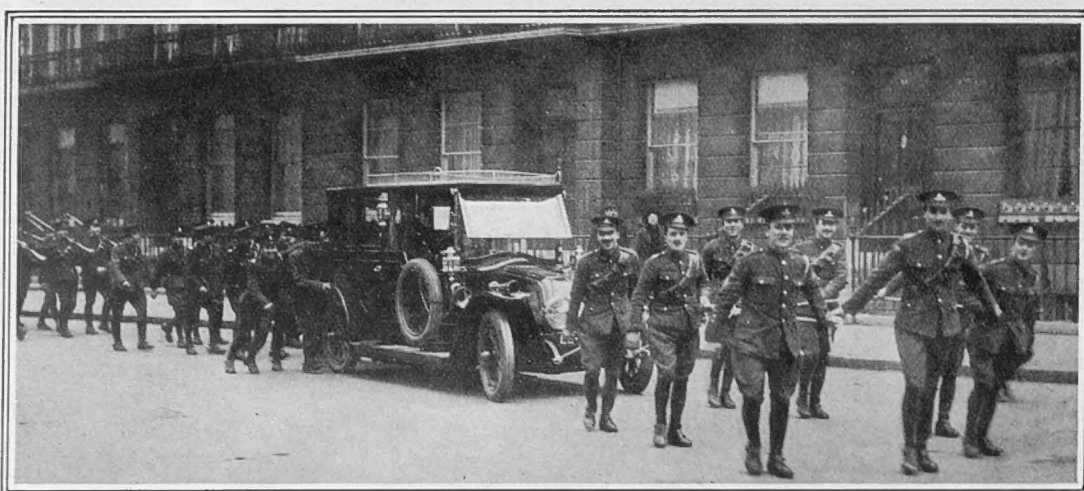
DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## STRICTLY PERSONAL: PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



KILLED: LT. COL. DU MAURIER, AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."



A UNIQUE DUTY FOR A GUARD OF HONOUR: DRAWING THE MOTOR-CAR WITH LIEUT. LICKFOLD AND HIS NEWLY WEDDED WIFE THROUGH GORDON SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.



WITH HIS LITTLE SON IN REGIMENTALS: CAPTAIN R. H. PARLBAY, OF THE DEVONSHIRES.



DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: MISS M. N. FRASER, THE SCOTTISH GOLF INTERNATIONAL CAPTAIN.



COMMANDANT OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: LORD CLAUD HAMILTON; WITH HIS GRANDSON.



IN GARRISON AT DUMBARTON CASTLE, WHICH IS ONCE MORE IN USE AS ONE OF THE DEFENCES OF THE CLYDE: LORD INVERCLYDE, THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE, WITH OFFICERS OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

Lieut.-Colonel Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., everywhere known as the author of "An Englishman's Home," was a son of the famous artist, the creator of Trilby. He was in the Royal Fusiliers, and won his D.S.O. in South Africa. His brother, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, is the well-known actor.—The snapshot of the motor-car of a newly wedded pair (Lieut. Lickfold, of the Royal Field Artillery, and Miss Gordon) being drawn by the military guard of honour records probably a unique incident.—Captain Reginald H. Parlbay is a retired officer of the Devonshire Regiment, which he rejoined for the war. His little son of 2½ years in service dress typifies the present taste among our young hopefuls.—The late Miss Madge Neil Fraser, who has died while nursing

Serbian wounded, was the distinguished Scottish lady golfer and International Captain.—Lord Claud Hamilton commands the Headquarters Central Detachment, Special Constabulary, who do duty at Buckingham Palace. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and his grandson, Master Peter Flower, is seen with him, wearing the uniform of the regiment.—The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders occupy Dumbarton Castle, on the Clyde. Lord Inverclyde is in the centre of the group, with, next him, Colonel Sir A. Leith Buchanan.—Mr. N. A. Knox, seen with his bride, Miss Olive Palmer, leaving St. Mary's Church, Oxted, is the All-England and Surrey fast bowler. He is the youngest son of the late Sir Ralph Knox, and has enlisted in the 18th Royal Fusiliers.



A NOTED SURREY CRICKETER'S WEDDING: PRIVATE N. A. KNOX LEAVING ST. MARY'S, OXTED, WITH HIS BRIDE.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Photopress, Chandler, Bassano, Russell, and Topical.



DULY MILITARISED: CHELTENHAM RACES—SOME VISITORS.



SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH, OWNER OF WAVYLACE; LADY BULLOUGH;  
AND BARON DE TUYLL (CENTRE FIGURE).



LADY BLANCHE AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS  
OF THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT WATCHING  
THE PARADE.



COLONEL KENNEDY (LEFT) CONGRATULATES MAJOR PURVIS  
ON WINNING THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

There was a distinctly military air about the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, on March 10. Wounded soldiers and their nurses were in the stands, and uniforms were very conspicuous among the crowd. Many *habitués* were present, the National Hunt Steeplechase excited a good deal of interest, and the value of racing in connection with keeping up the supply of bloodstock was keenly discussed. Our photographs show: No. 1, Sir George and Lady Bullough talking to Baron de Tuyl. Sir George's horse,

Wavylace, won the Cheltenham Grand Annual Steeplechase. No. 2 shows the two daughters of the Duchess of Beaufort, the Ladies Blanche and Diana Somerset, both of whom are lovers of sport. No. 3 shows the Duchess of Beaufort herself, watching the parade of the runners; and No. 4 shows Colonel Kennedy (left) congratulating Major Purvis on his popular win of the National Hunt Steeplechase, with Martial IV., of which Major Purvis was both owner and rider.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co.]



**DALY'S** Leicester Square, W. (Tel. Ger. 201.)  
EVERY EVENING, at 8, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production,  
A COUNTRY GIRL,  
MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS., at 2. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

**STRAND THEATRE.** JULIA NEILSON & FRED TERRY.  
Nightly at 8. "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY." Mat., Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**EMPIRE.** Fred Farren & Ida Crispi in "STAGE - STRUCK."  
LIVING ART STUDIES.  
And Special Variety Programme.  
Evenings at 8. Sat. Mat. 2.30. General Manager, Charles B. Cochran.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.

A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

## THE SUNNY SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON, SEAFORD, EASTBOURNE, BEXHILL, HASTINGS, WORTHING, LITTLEHAMPTON, BOGNOR, SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT and many other resorts.

Sea and River Fishing. Golf Courses. Splendid Promenades and Sea Fronts.

GLORIOUS DOWNS FOR RAMBLING EXCURSIONS.

For Train Service, &c., apply Publicity Dept., Brighton Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

## BOURNEMOUTH, NORFOLK HOTEL

First class in every detail.  
Select clientèle, always well patronised.

## CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL (Near Bournemouth.)

The most beautiful and best equipped Hotel on the South Coast.  
The favourite resort for English gentlefolk.

## DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE

(Next General Post Office). First Class. 100 Rooms.  
Restaurant. Free Garage.

"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

## SENTRY AND POLICE DOGS.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied many battalions in France and home service—for night outpost duty, guarding camps, prisoners, detached posts, etc., 5 gns. POLICE DOGS (Airedales) as supplied Metropolitan and County Police—best protection against tramps, burglars. For yard or house, town or country, 5 gns., pups 2 gns. SCOTCH, ABERDEEN, FOX (Rough and Smooth), IRISH Terriers 5 gns., pups 2 gns., Bloodhounds 20 gns., pups 7 gns. GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

With the Allies. Richard Harding Davis. 6s.  
(Duckworth.)

The Conquering Jew. John Foster Fraser. 6s.  
(Cassell.)

Through Central Africa from the East to the West. Cherry Kearton and James Barnes. 21s.  
(Cassell.)

Poems: Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. 5s.  
(Methuen.)

Nelson's History of the War. Vol. II. John Buchan. 1s. net.  
(Nelson.)

Paris Waits, 1914. M. E. Clarke. 6s.  
(Smith, Elder.)

With the French Eastern Army. W. E. Grey. 1s. net.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Life of Bernal Diaz del Castillo. R. B. Cunningham Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

A Bird-Lover's Year. Hon. Gladys Esmé Murray. 3s. 6d. net.  
(Nash.)

The Origin, Causes, and Object of the War. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. 2s. 6d. net.  
(Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)

### FICTION.

The House of the Dead. Fyodor Dostoevsky. 3s. 6d. net.  
(Heinemann.)

### FICTION—(Continued)

The Creeping Tides. Kate Jordan. 6s.  
(Stanley Paul.)

The Endless Quest. Mark Somers. 6s. (Unwin.)

Tipperary Tommy. Joseph Keating. 6s.  
(Methuen.)

The Fabulists. Bernard Capes. 6s.  
(Mills and Boon.)

God's Country and the Woman. James Oliver Curwood. 6s.  
(Cassell.)

The Turbulent Duchess. James Henry Brebner. 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Tollhouse. Evelyn St Leger. 3s. 6d. net.  
(Smith, Elder.)

The Titan. Theodore Dreiser. 6s.  
(Bodley Head.)

In the Foreign Legion. By Légionnaire 17889. 2s. net.  
(Duckworth.)

The Man and the Moment. Elinor Glyn. 6s.  
(Duckworth.)

Whom God Hath Joined. Arnold Bennett. 6s.  
(Methuen.)

The Profit Family. Benjamin Vallotto. 6s.  
(Grant Richards.)

The Faded Vision. A. K. Ingram. 6s. (Murray.)

Brunel's Tower. Eden Philpotts. 6s.  
(Heinemann.)

## SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

### INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 9s. 3d.  
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.  
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

### CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 11s. 6d.  
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.  
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

### ELSEWHERE

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.

### ABROAD.

Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT has been said that "Excuse Me," which is now running at the Garrick, was held back for some days in order to await the arrival of Mr. Robert Fisher, who was coming across the submarine streak. Mr. Fisher, as he appears on the stage, is a tall, very fat man, with a huge supernumerary chin, and a large face of a livery colour; he calls himself "little Jimmy Wellington," and moans lachrymously over his wife—a "queen among women"; also, he is fuddled with drink during most of the play. I daresay that in real life Mr. Fisher is slim or svelte, with a clean-cut, healthy countenance, and is rabid against alcohol, and I have only spoken of the stage picture that he presented. However, many of the audience rocked with laughter over little Jimmy. The somewhat obvious humours are foreign to most of us, and Mr. Rupert Hughes's work became fatiguing before it was over, being a farce with weak construction and stage types instead of characters. Plenty of clever people play in it—for instance, Mr. Fisher, the little Jimmy; and Mr. Willis Sweatnam, the railway porter, quite funny in a Christy Minstrel way till we had too much of him; and Mr. H. Wenman, rather droll as the despotic conductor (thank goodness, our porters and conductors are not like that); also Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who played cleverly as the embarrassed half-bride; and Mr. Kelly, the Englishman, regarded as a guy on the train because he wanted a bath. Miss Annie Hill and Miss Christine Silver gave a little note of prettiness in sentimental parts.

The Pioneer Players found one trump in a hand of four. The Belgian drama, "The Wandering Jew and Sisyphus," rather finely translated, has merit, but excessive length, and is not easily understood: obviously a piece better for the study than for the stage. The Rostand play, "The Two Pierrots," wanted quite a different company. Moreover, translation does not quite suit it; and a Cockney rhyme of "Madeira" and "nearer" made me squirm. "The Theatre of the Soul," by M. Evreinoff, translated by Marie Potapenko, was quite thrilling; the psychological basis may be a bit puzzling, and the division of the soul into the "emotional entity" and the "rational entity" and the "subliminal" is obviously arguable. The struggle in the soul, which is supposed to take place in half a second, is most vividly presented, but I have not space to describe it; the setting was effective; and the acting of Mr. Campbell Gullan, Mr. A. B. Tapping, and Miss Margaret Morris was brilliant. I think we shall see this work again.

There is no need to say much about "La Flambee," at the Criterion, for the Belgian players have left this little playhouse; still, it is a powerful drama, and the subject—German espionage—lends an interest that was lacking when Sir George Alexander produced a version called "The Turning Point."

The new American farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, "He Didn't Want to Do It," is an entertaining specimen of the farce which is half burlesque. The touch of burlesque makes it possible to do anything, however absurd; and the authors, Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. Walter Hackett, have a wonderful way of inventing complications which cause continuous laughter. It is done chiefly by making everybody something different from what he seems; and, having got so far, you go a step further and make him really what he seems, in spite of the fact that he claims to be something different. In this case it is all about some sham emeralds which were to be burgled in fraud of an insurance company; and the burglary was inadvertently committed by a young man who thought he was only helping a lady by getting some letters back from a blackmailer; and at one time it seemed as if the lady and her friend were real thieves, and at another that the whole thing was merely a scheme to advertise a novel; and it all had the merit of being amusing at every fresh complication. It was also splendidly acted. There were Mr. Frederick Kerr as a phlegmatic Englishman, and Mr. Joseph Coyne as a romantic American; there were Mr. Fred Lewis and Mr. Lyall Swete as two most delightful villains; also Mr. Arthur Hatherton as a startlingly original detective who was really a villain. Miss Lydia Bilbrooke was a charming chief lady villain, and Miss Marion Lorne, as her friend, gave us a new view of American humour; and other parts were excellently played by Miss Hilda Bayley and Mr. Nat D. Ayer.

Mr. Douglas Stuart, well known as a turf accountant, is issuing his Diary for 1915. In this will be found a number of things of considerable interest to racing men. Mr. Stuart points out that it should be noted that he never pleaded the moratorium, voluntarily repaid all moneys to Swiss clients, made no war restrictions, altered no terms, and that the terms he originated—such as No Limit combined with Place Betting when Favourite starts Odds On, paying in full on lost or incorrectly transmitted telegrams—have been continued without interruption and are included in his very simple rules for the present year. He can boast, further, that his aims are simplicity, clearness, and the impossibility of misunderstandings, plus the utmost possible liberality. Anyone desiring Mr. Douglas Stuart's new rules, which came into operation on March 1 and cancel all others, can obtain a copy from him by writing to 102-104, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. An announcement by Mr. Stuart appears on Page III. in this issue.





DAWDLING IN THE DARDANELLES : SMYRNA FROM THE SEA : THE GALLANT RAJPUTS.

**The Dardanelles.** Twice in my life I have been through the Dardanelles, and each time in daylight and in perfect weather. It was difficult to believe that the sheet of calm blue water, with low hills on either side and villages which at a distance looked immensely picturesque, was part of the sea, for it was far more like some Italian lake. On one occasion when I passed through these Straits I made the journey in a Russian steamer bound for the Black Sea ports, and I was strongly urged at Alexandria to go by this line because, as the agent pointed out to me, the beds in the cabins were real ones with four legs, and not little narrow bunks. That voyage was quite an uneventful one in fine weather, but my voyage going the other way—from Constantinople to Alexandria—dwells in my memory as being as uncomfortable a one as I have ever made.

**An Uncomfortable Journey.** The weather was fair, the ship was Turkish-owned, and the officers and crew were most various in nationality. An Italian was the captain, and a Levantine Greek the first officer. The engineer, luckily for me, was a Scotchman, and with him I struck a bargain for the use of his cabin during the voyage, for the ship was so full that I should have had to sleep on the saloon table had the engineer not come to my rescue. The important person on the ship was a Turkish Pasha who was going to Egypt on some official business. He and his suite had monopolised what sleeping-cabins there were, and the smoking-room on deck had been reserved for the ladies of his harem, its windows being carefully cloaked with mosquito netting. The steamer was a very old boat,

**The Smells of Smyrna.** What, however, was thoroughly Oriental at Smyrna were the smells. I went for a longish walk along the beach, and every variety of unpleasant marine and shore odour seemed to have concentrated there. Before my two days' stay at Smyrna was over I found there an Englishman of my acquaintance who had become a resident. I told him of my experiences on the beach, and he laughed. "Nobody," he told me, "went for walks on the beach"; and he offered to show me the beauties of Smyrna by taking me for a drive inland. I had, however, to rejoin the cranky little boat—which, long before she was really ready to start, made astonishing noises with a steam siren so as to collect her passengers on board—and,



THE WAR IN THE NURSERY: SPY-SCARE TOYS—THE RUDE AWAKENING OF FRÄULEIN.

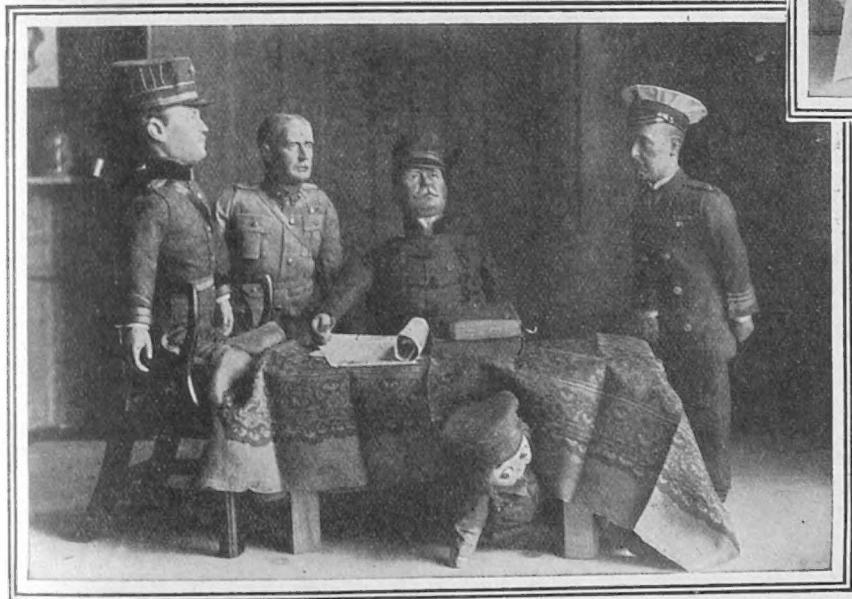
Fräulein, who has been dreaming of the Iron Cross, is rudely awakened by Policeman X, who discovers ammunition in her trunk.

though I can pay a tribute to the beauty of Smyrna and its surroundings as seen from the sea, I had no opportunity of learning how beautiful the inland scenery is, and have always intended some time or another to visit Smyrna again and to give my English friend there an opportunity of taking me for that drive.

**The Rajputs.** The 7th Rajputs seem to have been very much in the thick of it in the very sharp fighting near Ahwaz, in Persia. The regiment lost heavily both in officers and men, the casualties probably occurring chiefly in the hand-to-hand fighting that took place. That the Rajputs bore themselves gallantly goes without saying, for there is no one of the Indian peoples that has such a splendid history of heroism as the men who come from the country through which the Aravalli hills run like a backbone, and where marble palaces are reflected in the beautiful lakes that have been made by human skill.

**Desperate Ventures.**

To us at home—who have grown so used to the daily stories of trench warfare, of struggles for ditches measured by yards, and of houses taken and retaken a dozen times—the tale of the adventure of part of the Ahwaz garrison in stirring up a hornet's-nest of 12,000 tribesmen, and the other tale of the gallant Indian cavalry who drew a vastly superior mounted force into an ambush and then laughed at them, seemed desperately venturesome affairs, but it is just the style of fighting to which our Indian troops are used, and the story of these two adventurous expeditions near the Persian Gulf is very much the story of the fighting that constantly occurs on the Indian North-Western Border, for there the tribesmen swarm like angry hornets about any force that looks them up in their fastnesses; and it is pluck as great as the pluck of the wild men, and better fire discipline and absolute reliance on their officers, that get our men in the wild north-west, as it has done on the great rivers, out of many a tight corner.



THE WAR IN THE NURSERY: SPY-SCARE TOYS—AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION FROM JELlicoe OVERHEARD.

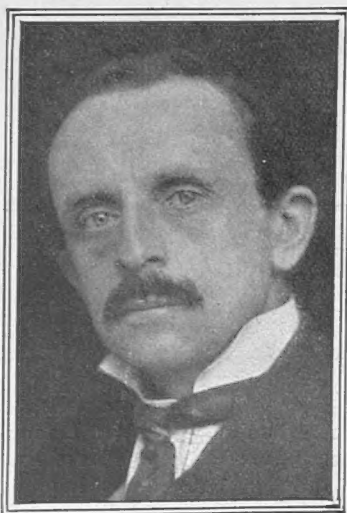
The figures are: (from left to right) King Albert, Sir John French, General Joffre, and Admiral Jellicoe. Under the table is a German spy.

and as cranky as anything could be that kept afloat. The Scotsman, in addition to surrendering his cabin to me for a price, assured me that he thought the old boat would still hold together for another voyage or two.

**Time No Object.** We had fine weather, and as time seemed no object on the voyage, we dodged about amongst the islands of Greece just as though it was a yachting expedition, and while cargo was being put out or taken in there was abundant time to go on shore and see the sights if there were any. Apparently, tourists were not in the habit of travelling on this particular boat, for wherever I managed to hail a boat and land I was not met by guides and the other pests that haunt a traveller as a rule wherever he lands in the Near East. We ran over to Smyrna in the early part of the voyage and lay there for forty-eight hours, which gave me a good chance of seeing one of the most splendid gulfs in the world, and a town on the semicircle of a bay which is just as beautiful, if not more beautiful, than anything the Riviera can show



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

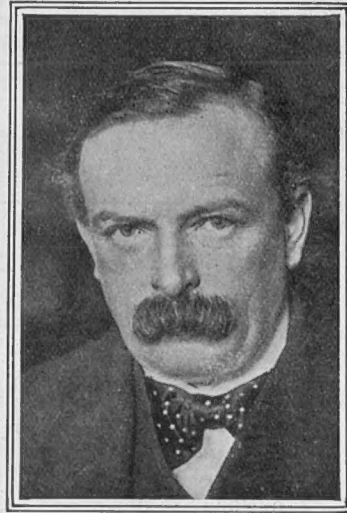


SIR JAMES BARRIE—FOR GOING INTO "ROSY RAPTURES" ABOUT Mlle. GABY DESLYS.

It is arranged that Sir J. M. Barrie's new burlesque, "Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus," with Mlle. Gaby Deslys in the name-part, shall be produced at the Duke of York's on Monday.—Major J. H. Purvis' Martial IV. (owner up) won



MAJOR J. H. PURVIS—FOR BEING SO PRETTILY CONGRATULATED ON WINNING THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR HIS EMINATION OF "BUSINESS AS USUAL" INTO "VICTORY AS USUAL."

the National Hunt Steeplechase.—Mr. Lloyd George said the other day in Parliament: "Instead of 'business as usual' we want 'victory as usual.'" Mr. Lloyd George is an adept in the choice of words.—[Photographs by Beresford, Sport and General, and Hoppé.]



"PEGGY"—FOR ASSUMING A CAMERA SMILE BEFITTING THE DIGNITY OF A REGIMENTAL GOAT UNDER FIRE, AND LIVING UP TO THE HONOUR OF MASCOTSHIP.

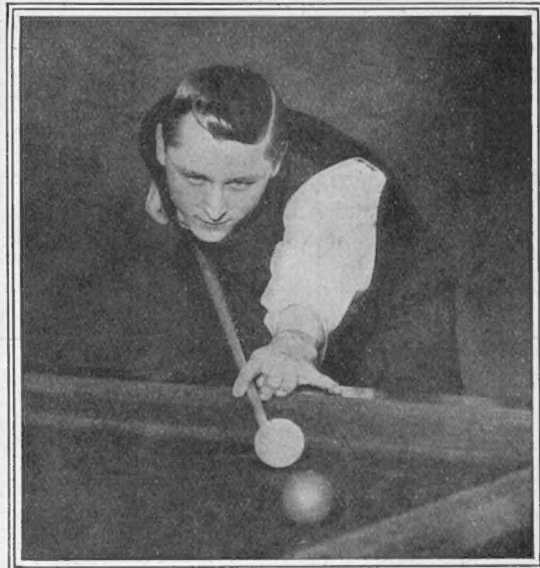
"Peggy," the mascot goat of the 24th County of London Regiment (2nd Batt.), is seen in the photograph with Lieutenant Moss and his daughter, at the Reigate Horse and Hound Show and Military Tournament.—Lord Charles Bresford, opposing the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy, said: "I am an example of corporal punishment



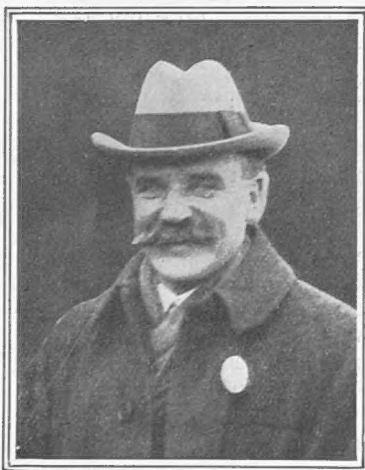
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD—FOR INSTANCING HIMSELF AS "AN EXAMPLE OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT."

There was one school where I got more flogging than the whole of the other boys put together. . . . It is often the best boy who gets into the most trouble."—George Gray made a break of 1134 the other day, the highest break ever made at billiards under B.C.C. rules with ivory balls. Gray's record with composition balls is 2196.

Photographs by Sport and General and G.P.U.



GEORGE GRAY—FOR MAKING THE HIGHEST BREAK ON RECORD WITH IVORY BALLS UNDER B.C.C. RULES.



COLONEL BOWDEN, M.P.—FOR MAKING "HANG IT!" A PARLIAMENTARY EXPRESSION.

Captain John W. Bell, of the s.s. "Thordis," reported that on Feb. 28 his vessel rammed and probably sank a German submarine off Beachy Head.—Colonel Bowden, M.P. for North-East Derbyshire, and commander of the Empire Battalion of the London Fusiliers, alluding in the House of Commons to a member of the Battalion's committee,



CAPTAIN J. W. BELL—FOR SHOWING THE WAY THE MERCHANT SERVICE HAVE WITH SUBMARINE PIRATES.



THE REV. P. W. GUINNESS—FOR BEING THE FIRST ARMY CHAPLAIN AWARDED THE D.S.O. IN THE WAR.

said: "Hang it! he got the mess ready for us."—Lieut.-Commander James V. Creagh is the commander of the destroyer, H.M.S. "Ariel," which rammed and sank the German submarine "U 12."—The Rev. Percy Wyndham Guinness, who has now been awarded the D.S.O., has been mentioned in despatches several times.

Photographs by Topical and Russell.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. V. CREAGH—FOR BEING AS PROSPEROUS AS PROSPERO IN COMMANDING "ARIEL."



## ABOARD A STAGE TRAIN: THE PULLMAN CARNIVAL.



1. THE PERSONAGE OF "EXCUSE ME," AT THE GARRICK: MR. WILLIS SWEATNAM AS THE PORTER.

2. IN THE SLEEPER OF THE PULLMAN: PASSENGERS. 3. THE HOLD-UP IN THE PULLMAN: A PASSENGER SEEKS HER PURSE IN HER STOCKING.

"Excuse Me," which is described as a Pullman carnival in three sections, has three acts. The first takes place in the San Francisco sleeper, leaving Chicago; the second in the composite car, in Utah; the third, which is preceded for a minute or so by the exterior view of the sleeper shown in Photograph No. 2, has the same setting as Act I. In Photograph No. 2 (from left to right) are: Mr. John Clulow as Ira Lathrope; Miss Christine Silver as Ann Gattle; Mr. Donald Calthrop as Harry Mallory; Mr. Louis Payne as the Rev. Joshua Temple; Miss Annie Hill as Mrs. Joshua

Temple; Miss Yvonne Arnaud as Yvonne Dauvray; and Miss Sarah Brooke as Mrs. Jimmy Wellington. In the third photograph the figures (from left to right, at the back) are: Ira Lathrope; Ann; Mr. E. H. Kelly as Harold Wedgewood; Mrs. Temple; Mr. Temple; Yvonne; Harry Mallory; Mr. Arthur Greenaway as Roger Ashton; Miss Marjorie Villis as Catherine Llewellyn; Mrs. Jimmy Wellington; Mr. Robert Fisher as Jimmy Wellington; and Mr. Sweatnam as the Porter. The "carnival" goes literally "on wheels" and runs along with plenty of rattle and dash.



## THE WAR AND THE ALTAR: ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.



TO MARRY FLIGHT-COMMR. E. OSMOND :  
MISS E. DORIS DAVIES.



TO MARRY LIEUT. F. G. STAMMERS :  
MISS GLADYS K. PORTER.



MRS. HENRY A. BENYON (FORMERLY  
MISS EVELYN PEEK.)



TO MARRY MR. JOHN R. BRIGHT,  
O.T.C. : MISS M. BROCKMAN.



TO MARRY LIEUT. L. H. MASSY :  
MISS A. SMITH.



TO MARRY SEC.-LIEUT. R. E. HUME-  
WILLIAMS : MISS N. ANDERSON.



TO MARRY MR. WILFRED M. STRICK-  
LAND : MISS WINIFRED M. BAKER.



TO MARRY CAPT. E. ERICHSEN DAVIES :  
MISS HELENA V. TAYLOR.



TO MARRY LIEUT. HERBERT N. PHILIPS :  
MISS CATRINA LAARHOVEN.

Miss Davies is daughter of Mr. J. H. W. Davies, of St. John's Park, Blackheath. Flight-Commr. Edward Osmond is in the Royal Naval Flying Corps.—Miss Porter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Porter, of Gravesend. Lieut. Stammers is in the Royal Sussex Regiment.—Miss Peek (Mrs. Benyon) is daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert Peek and Lady Peek. Lieut. H. A. Benyon is in the Berkshire Yeomanry, and only son of Mr. J. H. Benyon, Lord-Lieutenant of Berkshire.—Miss M. Brockman is marrying Mr. John R. Bright, O.T.C., a grandson of John Bright, the famous statesman.—Miss A. Smith is marrying Lieut. L. H. Massy, Royal Munster Fusiliers and Assistant-Commissioner of Police, Gold Coast.—Miss Anderson is the daughter of

Mrs. Anderson, of Knightsbridge. Sec.-Lieut. R. E. Hume-Williams is in the Army Service Corps, and is a son of Mr. W. E. Hume-Williams, K.C., M.P.—Miss Baker is daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Casper Baker, of South Petherton, Somerset. Mr. W. M. Strickland is son of the late Manuel P. Strickland, and Mrs. Strickland, of Curry Rivell, Somerset.—Miss Taylor is the daughter of Mr. Godfrey Lovelace Taylor, J.P., of Grangeville, Fethard, Co. Wexford. Captain E. E. Davies is in the King's African Rifles.—Miss Laarhoven is the youngest daughter of the late Henry Laarhoven, of Amsterdam. Lieut. Herbert N. Philips, R.F.A., is son of the Rev. Edward Philips, of Hollington, Staffordshire.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 5, by Swaine; Nos. 2 and 7, by Bassano; No. 3, by Yevonde; No. 4, by L. Caswall Smith; No. 6, by Langfier; and No. 9, by Lafayette.



PAPA BITTER AND BENIGN: GERMAN EMPEROR EXPRESSIONS.



1. FROWNING; AND WITH MOUTH FIRMLY SET.

3. READY TO BITE ANYBODY!

2. VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF

4. NOT SURE OF HIS MOOD.

There was published the other day an extract from a war-letter written by the German Crown Prince, in which he said: "Papa is very depressed." Here we have "Papa"

both bitter and benign; and it will be noted that there are three doses of bitterness to one of benignity!—[Photographs by Topical.]





## LORD AND LADY CADOGAN.

**L**ORD CADOGAN has got safely round the difficult corner. For the last few years the unexpected has been happening in the family, and where heirs to the Earldom were concerned the unexpected thing—and nothing makes it familiar—was generally death. The late Peer's eldest son died over thirty years ago; his second son seven years ago, leaving a son and heir who died five years ago. The Hon. Gerald Oakley Cadogan, who now succeeds, was the fourth holder during his father's lifetime of the honorary and somewhat fatal title of Viscount Chelsea.

**The Salary.** His own career has not been without vicissitudes. It has itself a little dash of the unexpected to keep it in tone with the strange romances of the Cadogan pedigree. A younger son, a sportsman, a smart soldier, he soon launched out for himself. Chelsea was too small for him: the great adventure of turning it into a valuable property was over and done with. At any rate, he found it less exciting than the Army and the Turf. The one, naturally enough, did not pay the expenses of the other; and when he took on the duties of A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland his pay was—£200 a year!

**The Leading Strings.** That the eventual heir to one of the richest es-

tates in England was for some few years struggling to make ends meet constituted one of the curiosities of London life. Perhaps Mr. Cadogan did not take the struggle too seriously; but, be that as it may, the Boer War was more to his taste than the problems of a pass-book. Having been in the Life Guards for a couple of years and A.D.C. in Ireland for several more, he got a commission as Captain in the Mounted Infantry at the beginning of the South African War easily enough. His brother, Major William Cadogan, who was killed in action last November, was with him in the South African campaign.

**Fortune and the Soldier.** A man of well over forty,

Lord Cadogan was born just at the time of his father's entry into the world of politics. More to the point, perhaps, were the late Peer's triumphs on the Turf. When Lonely won the Oaks in 1885, the new Earl was at Eton. From his mother as well as from his father he inherited, and maybe was taught, the love of horses. Known before her marriage as Lady Beatrix Craven, she was a notable sportswoman, and a great mother for any boy with a soul above books. She died in 1907; in 1911 the late Earl re-married, at the age of seventy-one, his bride being his first-cousin once removed, Countess Adèle Palagi.

**The Dowdy.**

A year earlier, his widowed daughter-in-law, Viscountess Chelsea, married Sir Hedworth Meux—a marriage afterwards endowed on a romantically lavish scale by the late Lady Meux. One must search far back in the

family records to match the interest of these events. Just two hundred years ago, in order to wipe out a gambling debt, Lord March was brought from school and Lady Sarah Cadogan from the nursery to be wedded according to the "boy and girl" custom of the time. "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy," grumbled the school-boy, after the manner of his kind. The ceremony over, the husband went the Grand Tour, and the wife went to her mother. Returning a few years later, the young man happened to go straight to the Opera, and asked who might be the very beautiful woman sitting in a box opposite. "You must be a stranger in town," replied his neighbour, "not to know the beautiful Lady March." Let us hope the luck

EARL CADOGAN: THE NEW PEER, FORMERLY VISCOUNT CHELSEA.

was not all on his side, but that she too, on her side, asked a friend who might be the handsome stranger who looked her way.

**The Chelsea Changes.**

When the late Peer was born, his family was comparatively poor. He first saw the light in a tumble-down old house in the centre of a district of low rents. The leases, like the roofs, fell in; and a slum was turned, with the aid of Mr. William Willett, into magnificence. The transformation began with the rebuilding of Chelsea House in 1874; the 'eighties were spent in building Cadogan Square, Lennox Gardens, and the western part of Pont Street. Old inhabitants tell weird tales of the going of the former population—of an army of three hundred men sent down to help them out, of furniture turned out on to trucks and sold by its owners, who had no desire to push it all the way to Battersea, for two or three shillings the load; and of floors torn up as soon as the tenants were on the pavement, so that they should not creep back again to the old home.

**The New Lady Cadogan.**

The new Lord and Lady Cadogan have come to know and love their Chelsea almost as much as the late Earl. They, too, married at a picturesque moment. When their engagement was announced, it was pointed out that the one was exactly twice the age of the other, the lady being twenty-one, the gentleman forty-two. A year later and this neat relationship of ages was spoiled: only once in a lifetime can a man be twice as old as his wife. Lady Cadogan was Miss Marie Coxon, niece of Lady Jardine and of Lady Elliott. One of the youngest and most charming of Peeresses, she is popular from Dumfries in the north to the most southerly point on the social map of London—somewhere this side of Chelsea Barracks.

COUNTESS CADOGAN: THE WIFE OF THE NEW EARL.

The new Earl Cadogan, who is the third son of the late Peer, was born in 1869. After leaving Eton he entered the 1st Life Guards, and later was Captain in the 3rd Batt. Suffolk Regiment. He served in the South African War. Countess Cadogan, who married the new Earl in 1911, was Miss Lillian Eleanore Marie Coxon. She is a daughter of Mr. George Coxon, of Craigleith, Cheltenham. She has one son, born in 1914; and one daughter, born in 1912.

Photographs by Lafayette.





## LASCELLES - BALFOUR : A POLITICO - PEERAGE WEDDING.



1. THE BRIDE, MISS JOAN BALFOUR, ARRIVING AT ST. COLUMBA'S FOR HER WEDDING ; WITH HER UNCLE, MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.
3. MRS. ASQUITH AND MISS ASQUITH, GUESTS AT THE WEDDING, OUTSIDE ST. COLUMBA'S.

2. THE HON. MR. AND MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, LEAVING THE CHURCH.
4. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, A GUEST AT THE WEDDING, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Much interest attached to the marriage of Mr. Arthur Balfour's niece to the second son of the Earl of Harewood, on March 11. The ceremony took place at St. Columba's, Pont Street, S.W., and the bride was given away by her uncle, at whose house the reception

was subsequently held. H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, honoured the bride with her presence as a guest, and many important personalities, political and social, including the wife and daughter of the Prime Minister, were present.

*Photographs by Sport and General, Central News, and Illustrations Bureau.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

**L**ORD CREWE is the latest—and, as some will think, the best—of the war poets. His memorial lines in the *Harrovian* are the most touching, and at the same time inspiriting, that have been inspired by a death in the field. Lord Crewe's talent for light verse is a thing of long standing. One remembers his rhymes about "a lane that is shady" and a fair lady—who, presumably, was not. One remembers, too, that he wrote about all the pleasant and half-forgotten little events of a peaceful day—about the catalogues "Which Mr. Quaritch kindly sends us," about Rotten Row, about a private view, about "Perrier Jouet, beat it if you can," and about the unvarying pink of a damsel's cheek. But of grave verse Lord Crewe had written very little.

*Light and Shady.* The "shady" verses are so neat that it is tempting to refresh one's vague memory of them by turning to the rare little volume published under the name of Robert Lord Houghton. They are headed "A Question," and run—

Ought the man to be cut  
Just as much as the lady?  
When they've met Justice Butt  
Ought the man to be cut;  
When they've stuck in a rut  
Down a lane that is shady  
Ought the man to be cut  
Just as much as the lady?

They are deliciously light, for the Liberal Leader of the House of Lords!

"*Author, Author.*" Sir James Barrie watches Gaby and his play with perfect detachment. He is not bored, but sits in his box as if he had come there by accident and were only remotely interested in the stage. "Author, author" is a cry that brings many types of men before the curtain; but Sir James is outside them all. Generally, he does not answer it. Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Somerset Maugham, and the rest fit the part extremely well, and even look a little like the characters they put into their plays. But Sir James writes about the Beauty Chorus and the Nut (the Fillebert, I believe, is one of his words for the feminine of the species) and remains—the old "J.M.B." He

*Bang Goes Saxpence.*

He tells a story of his university days which suggests that even then he was not unduly vain.

Though now a specialist in pretty gowns as well as in fairies, Sir James Barrie has never looked very deeply into the subject of male attire. He let his hair grow, he says, simply to annoy his fellows in Edinburgh. They objected because many of them had to sit behind him in the lecture-hall, and found the abundance of his locks interfered with their view of the blackboard. One day, during a series of lectures from a popular professor, "J. M. B." was handed an envelope containing a coin and note. The note ran: "This sixpence is subscribed by those who sit behind the student with the long hair. Will he kindly spend it at the barber's?"



A PEERESS AND HER PRETTY DAUGHTER: VISCOUNTESS SELBY AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

Lady Selby is the wife of the second Viscount. She was, before her marriage, Miss Dorothy Evelyn Grey, daughter of the late Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., and her little daughter, the Hon. Signe Evelyn Gully, was born in 1909. [Photograph by Swaine.]

*The Banquet Off?* Though Mr. Asquith finds time for an occasional dinner with Sir Henry Lucy, Ministers are not just now making many engagements outside the working circle. This is one reason why the Academy Banquet is likely to be "off." In past years, the more momentous the state of affairs the more momentous the speeches made at Burlington House. This year, obviously, the speeches could not deal adequately with the situation. It is too big even for an Academy Banquet. To fall back on flattering allusions to the pictures on the walls would make a tame evening. Even Academicians, it is said, are bored with the prospect of an Academy, and too much talk about one would extinguish the last sparks of interest still possible.

*Sir John's Medal.* To the fairly frequent complaints about lost swords is now added an occasional lamentation for lost medals. The medal, unlike the sword, is a thing to be left at home; but in one or two

cases, where men have been decorated in the middle of the campaign, the untoward event has happened. Will the War Office replace them? It is comforting to remember that when Admiral Jellicoe went down in the *Victoria* and lost his medal for a gallant attempt at saving life at sea (a medal



ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS A. SMITH: LIEUTENANT L. H. MASSY, ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.

Lieut. Massey is in the 5th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, and also Assistant-Commissioner of Police, Gold Coast.—Lieut. Benyon, of the Berkshire Yeomanry, is the only son of Mr. James Herbert Benyon, J.P., Lord-Lieutenant of Berks; and Miss Evelyn Peek, whom he is marrying, is the second daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert Peek, of Rousdon, Devon, and the Hon. Lady Peek, daughter of the eighth Viscount Midleton.—Mr. John R. Bright,



ENGAGED TO MISS EVELYN PEEK: LIEUTENANT HENRY ARTHUR BENYON, BERKS YEOMANRY.



A GRANDSON OF JOHN BRIGHT ENGAGED: MR. JOHN R. BRIGHT, OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

of the Officers' Training Corps, is a grandson of the famous statesman and orator, Mr. John Bright. Mr. Bright is engaged to Miss M. Brockman.—Flight-Commander Edward Osmond is the only son of the late Edward Osmond, of Rewe, Devon; and Miss Davies is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. W. Davies, of Minden, St. John's Park, Blackheath.—[Photographs by Swaine and Lafayette.]



TO MARRY MISS EMILY DORIS DAVIES: FLIGHT-COMMR. EDWARD OSMOND, R.N. FLYING CORPS.

manages to be great friends with his company, to motor and sup them, and to do it all on his own terms. He is often as grave and silent in the company of a blithe leading lady as he is at the Athenæum.

being more difficult to dive for than a man), he got another—by paying for it! A medal is not so easily won that it can be lost without considerable, and reasonable, regret.



*Great-War Games for Stay-at-Homes.*



I. WATCH-DOGGING IN THE NORTH SEA.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





M. POINCARÉ, when asked how he managed to attend so many public dinners, answered, "Only by not eating them." Dinner-parties are not so common as they were when he made that remark, and there are good excuses nowadays for keeping away from those still given. A feast, however, at the British Headquarters in the Field is in a class by itself, and none of Sir John French's invitations, issued at short notice a week or two ago, were answered in the negative. One little incident at the end of the meal must have for us a peculiar interest. When the guests rose to leave, the youngest officer, according to mess custom, hastened to the door and opened it with a bow. Sir John's visitors left the room: only the last of them noticed that the young man at the door was the Prince of Wales.

*The Other Man.* While the latest photographs of the Prince of Wales give no suggestion of a thickened, stiffened, and hardened campaigner, the word-portraits of H.R.H. tell the old tale of his extraordinary fitness. At Oxford he always took more exercise than most men of a similar physique; and at the front he can outstay his fellow-officers in any of the duties that come the way of the Staff. These consist chiefly in covering a great deal of ground on horseback, in motors, and on foot. The Prince drives his own car—the French rule of the road comes easily enough to him, for it was in France, some years ago, that he first learned to steer—and when he is not motoring he walks. Even if not under orders to "go and be quick," he works out an active day's programme: motoring till lunch, and a walk of a dozen miles or so before three! Naturally, he is not alone on these expeditions. It is on the other man that the pace tells.

*At the Waxworks.* Among the wounded Belgians and other refugees crowding to Westminster Cathedral for the last Mass on Sunday was the Duke of Norfolk. When his Grace went to fight the Boers, we remember he was chaffingly



TO MARRY MISS CATRINA LAARHOVEN: LIEUTENANT HERBERT N. PHILIPS.

Lieutenant Philips, of the Royal Field Artillery, is son of the Rev. Edward Philips, of Hollington, Staffordshire. Miss Laarhoven is the youngest daughter of the late Henry Laarhoven, of Amsterdam. The marriage was fixed for March 16.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE DAUGHTER OF A COUNTESS: LADY ELIZABETH YORKE.

This pretty portrait of the little Lady Elizabeth Yorke in her white furs is a new study. Lady Elizabeth is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, and was born in 1912.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY 2ND-LIEUTENANT DAVID A. J. CHAPMAN: MISS LILIAN GEORGINA WARNER.

Miss Warner is the younger daughter of Sir Courtenay and Lady Leucha Warner, who is a daughter of the first Earl of Montalt. Lieut. Chapman, who is in the Special Reserve of Officers, 19th Hussars, is the only son of Col. David Phelps Chapman, M.V.O., and Mrs. Chapman, The Manor House, Ham.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Mme. Tussaud's. Let us hope his own image has not been crowded out of its place by the brand-new celebrities of the war. To see your parent on a pedestal must be almost as exciting as to see a wax O'Leary.

*A New Knee-Drill.* The omnibus problem was at its acutest last week, just before the exodus of thousands of young men in khaki. The other evening, trying to board a 'bus at the top of Bond Street, a shop-girl was told it was full. "Full? Then I'll have to sit on some officer's knee," she said wearily and, as if to shock the occupants, very loudly. She did not gain her point, but was severely handed back to the pavement by the conductor. Let it be said for the honour of the Service, that the only officer in the 'bus was not in a position to make the girl an offer—he was standing.

*The Fairer Fares.* The rule that the lady has a seat was very laxly observed before the war: Suffragettes, the public claimed, had extinguished the spark of chivalry that should make a man jump up in favour of the weaker sex. The state of war, it seems, gives us better manners; but, even if we all obey the rule, our opportunities of serving fairer "fares" are not all equal. Mr. Bernard Shaw once boasted, in his slim days, that he always gave up his seat to a woman. "I've the advantage of you there, 'G. B. S.,'" said Mr. Chesterton; "I always give up my seat to three ladies."

*Piccadilly Figures.* No bit of news could have taken uninquisitive members of the Lyceum more by surprise than the paragraph in the newspapers stating that the Club was not, for the time being, prospering financially. The crowded rooms have a look of success, and not half the people taking tea there the other day dreamed that the folded newspapers on the side-tables contained anything in the least dismal about the affairs of 128, Piccadilly. As far as appearances go, the Lyceum is less affected by the war than almost any of the London Clubs. Many officers' wives now find themselves, perhaps for the

first time, in need of London headquarters; and the sprinkling of khaki at tea-time suggests an increase of "business." The other afternoon Lady Swaythling was one of a vivacious party that drank its Lyceum brew without a suspicion that the pot was not paying, according to the cold testimony of the account-books. In every other way the Club is an unqualified success.



MARRIED TO LIEUTENANT THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES, ON MARCH 11: MISS JOAN BALFOUR.

Miss Balfour (the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles) is daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and the late Colonel Eustace Balfour. Lady Frances is an aunt of the Duke of Argyll. Mr. Arthur Balfour is an uncle of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

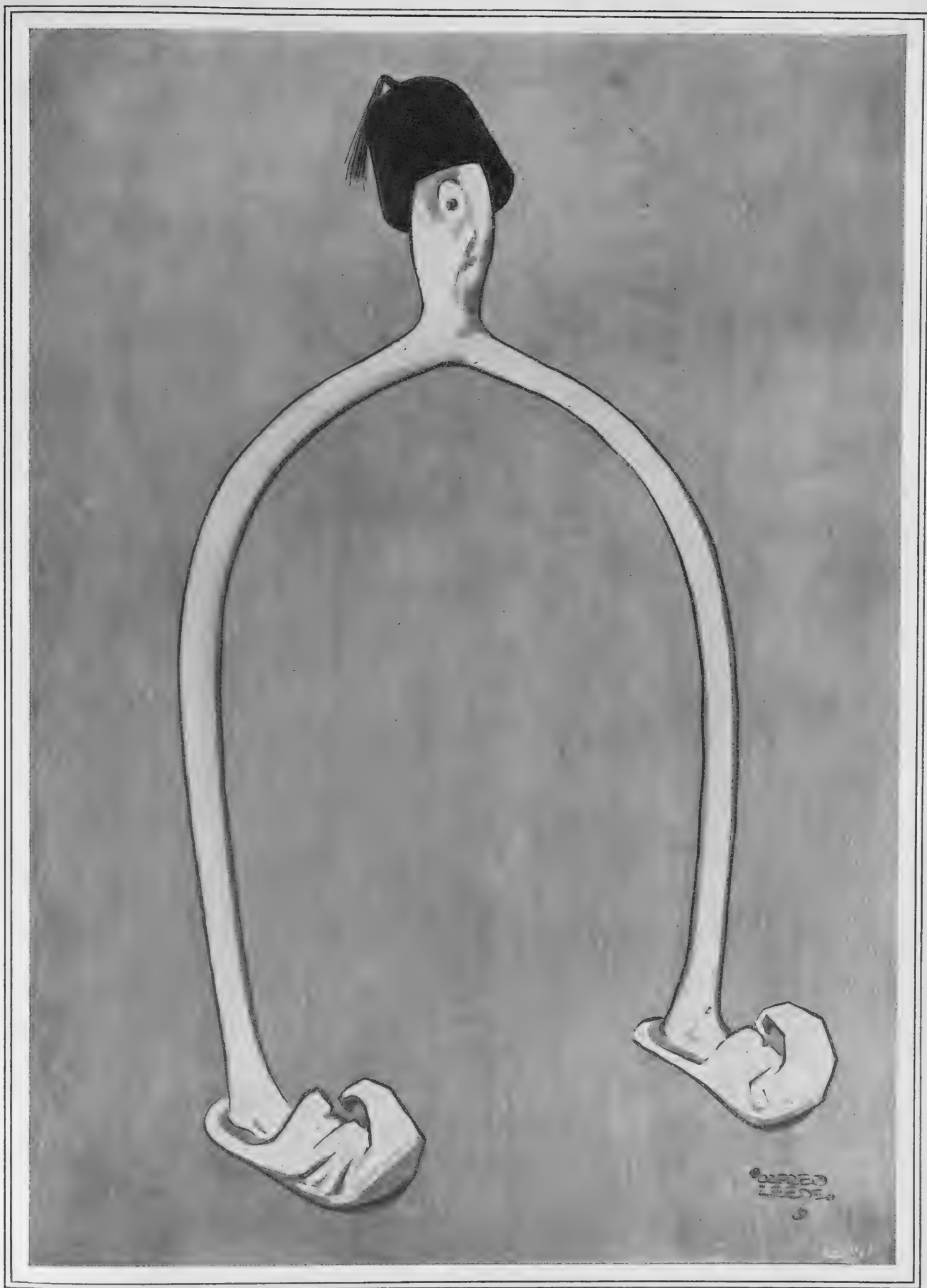


MARRIED TO MISS JOAN BALFOUR, ON MARCH 11: THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES.

Mr. Lascelles, of the Rifle Brigade, is on the Personal Staff of F.M. Sir John French, and is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood. Miss Joan Balfour is a niece of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, P.C., the famous statesman.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



A MERRY THOUGHT!



WHO 'LL GET THE LUCKY HALF WHEN THE PULL COMES?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LENTE.





## A Novel in a Nutshell

## THE WOLF.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

IF Nature had begun a course of military engineering under Micheli, read the elaborate notes of Count de Pagan, and then, with fervour undimmed, had studied through the night and day through the schools of Vauban, Cormontaigne, Montalembert—if Nature had superimposed upon this military kindergarten tuition by Brialmont and those heavenly intellectual twins D'Arcon and Rogniat, and finally finished with an undizzy brain amid the polemics of Major Sydenham Clarke, the Town would have been no more than the result of this zeal for knowledge.

Nature had, apparently, possessed none of these advantages, yet the Town was there. The Town was a little kingdom in itself. It stood on a tongue of dry land that jutted out into a sea of shallows. Just a neck of soft soil defended it from the mainland, and the shallows extended for so many miles that even the latest super-Dreadnought with the very latest specimen of Armstrong gun could not hit it. There were several topographical incidents that conspired to make it perfect, but all that need be said is that the Town was planned throughout the ages to be the most perfect example of what a stronghold should be.

The Town would have been strong if it had been garrisoned by Zulus against a park of "42" howitzers (there was, for one thing, a great carpet of marshes that cut off its exposed front from the carping artillerymen of the world). Its inhabitants, though they suffered from malaria at the most unpleasant times of the year for their sweet Town's sake—its inhabitants were not Zulus. They knew that Nature had made them a present of the strongest town in creation. For seven centuries the people prepared the Town for war.

Engineers of every degree of eminence and ingenuity had played with it, had added fresh details in concrete and steel to make it impregnable against attack. And when those engineers had finished, and had, dying, declared the Town to be their most perfect work, a fresh race of eminent and ingenious engineers had descended upon it, had amplified all this concrete and steel with more concrete and more steel, and wondrous intricacies of bomb-proof earthworks, and a mighty subtlety of mobile and secret gun positions, until perfection transcended itself in perfection.

The engineers had behind them a willing and opulent people. These people knew that the Town was the heart of the Nation and the seat of the defence of their Kingdom. The Town was so strong that it had made itself so. They schemed their plans on these lines. The Town was everything. If it fell, then the Kingdom fell—but the people knew very well that it could not fall. The people also were wise. They knew well there would be a war some day—there was, indeed, another Empire which, reluctantly, they must charge into in their passage to the splendour of the world's complete sunlight, and that impact would mean war.

When that war came the Town, without doubt, would be the first place attacked, and the course of the war would depend on the Town—its fall or its impregnability. The Town prepared for this eventuality. Its invincibly strong lines were strengthened and strengthened again to the point of abnormality, its garrison was capable of being redoubled at the first brazen bugle-note of war, its domestic economy was planned to rigorous perfection.

When the war came the Town was ready.

An ultimatum was sent to the Kingdom, and though the Kingdom had no thought of considering for a moment the terms of that ultimatum, it spent the seventy-two hours allowed it by making all ready. Troops in legions were marched or railed or transported (by special shallow-draught vessels) into the Town. Ammunition was already stored in plenty; but more ammunition, more raw copper, more tin, more saltpetre, and the rest were crammed into emptied warehouses. The Town was already redundant in heavy guns and in all arms, yet spare parts and metal for building and repairing were packed into the place, so that under all eventualities the Town should be strong in the modern sense of war—that is, it should possess a dominance in artillery. Every military detail, indeed, was strengthened.

The food-supply was organised with enormous care. The water-supply was good, and inexhaustible under all conditions. Wine, spirits, drugs, and other fluid and medical necessities had been and were accumulated in prodigal profusion. Eatables were heaped into the place. Because of the configuration of the town, great herds of cattle could not be fed alive. That did not matter. If there was little space above the ground, there was plenty beneath. An elaborate and wonderful system of engineering had brought into being vast subterranean cold-storage halls; these were controlled by one great

system of machinery and a staff of exclusive mechanicians. When the tremendous stores of meat were hung (all food was wisely commandeered by the Government) and chilled against the siege, the Refrigerating Halls represented the greatest accumulation of food-meat the world had ever seen.

In the same way was treated the grain. Space prevented great surface granaries—and, indeed, when the shelling commenced and aviators got busy, those granaries might be in danger. The grain-stores, therefore, were beneath the ground also; and, as in the case of the meat, they were concentrated in one vast, handy, and easily maintained set of underground warehouses. There was already a vast store of corn and the like when the ultimatum was delivered; but, bread-stuffs being the heart and body of the defence, the officers of the Kingdom and Town scoured the country near by, requisitioning (and paying a fine price for) every grain of food that could be had. They bought everywhere and they bought everything—wheat from the fields even, and new and old stocks from grain-floors. There was going to be no mistake about the vital point of bread-supply. By the time that, officially and with a deep sense of spiritual regret, the ultimatum was summarily rejected, the Town was ready.

"We can resist for ever," said the proud and chuckling citizens.

"We can go on for three years," said the Officers on the Staff. "They won't be able, even, to dent our lines. They won't be able to hurt us at all. It'll be a phenomenon of a siege. The casualties will probably be the lowest in history."

"And meanwhile our forces in the field will be able to play peccavi with their divided armies," chimed in another enthusiast. "They daren't put a weak army here, because we're too strong, and our army in the field is stronger than the force they can detach. It's all rather wonderful when you think hard about it."

"I've seen the grain-floors," said one of the Staff. "They make me feel like a man looking at a miracle. Scores and scores of great chambers opening out of each other. All beautifully handy, all elaborately finished and electric-lighted."

"And all controlled by one great system of machinery," annotated a joyous other, "a vast park of dynamos running the heart of this great town, and that park absolutely invulnerable against shell or aerial attack. It's the wonder of war."

The Town settled itself to war and siege. It cut itself off deliberately from the world and, behind its strong lines, waited. It did so in comfort and even enjoyment, for it was late summer, glorious in its intense warmth and its fine airs. At night the people came out of their stifling houses and walked in the streets, and read how the enemy's outposts had broken over the border, that the enemy's main armies were not yet on the move. The enemy, on the whole, was heavily silent, but the Town did not mind; they sat outside the cafés and talked with good-humour of the wearisome time the enemy would have outside their invincible walls.

Even when a man fell into the machinery that controlled the Town's electric supply, the citizens were merely amused. Both power and light were cut off for thirty-six hours; the Town smiled. It was the first casualty, they said, and possibly it would be the last. The nights were moonlit and calm, they did not feel the absence of light. They went out into thick heat and looked for aeroplanes.

No aeroplanes were seen. The enemy remained quiet. It was a curious silence. There was no shot fired, yet now and then the Town's aviators picked out the solid columns of men advancing across certain points, reported, and a message was flashed back to the Town that another avenue was closed. The people of the Town used to pause in their walk and look towards the eastern sky. Somewhere out there in the unseen were masses of men moving with curious and solid deliberation into positions that plugged the openings that led to the Town. The Town did not mind this, did not suffer from this; but that deliberate, methodical movement afar and unseen, that slow sealing of the avenues of help and news, reacted with a thrill on the people.

### "THE ENEMY SEIZE THE RAILWAY BY PONS"

yelled the vociferous newsbills, and the citizens of the Town thrilled. The sluggish wall of moving men had cut them off at yet another point from the great and glowing world.

Slowly the wall hemmed them in. All the wires were cut, and only the news that was passed over the spitting wireless came to them. The enemy became more silent now. His censor gripped firmly. Few words about the force that was encompassing them came through. Behind that brooding veil of silence, all the same,

(Continued overleaf.)



OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND.



THE GERMAN PERISCOPE: Ach, Himmel! Dot most be der peautiful Ben Nevis of vich ve 'ave 'eard so mooch.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



the masses of the enemy were gathering and moving towards them. The Town knew it, and felt curious sensations of suspense and anticipation. Those who could would go up on the heights and look across the neck of land, to the marshes and the haze of the dim and distant country. They expected to see the wonder of marshalled armies there, see the flame and the smoke-clouds of guns. They saw nothing.

A week went by. The Town was cut off from the world, but it went on with its equable life. Food was plentiful, Government bread was cheap and unfailing, meat from the live stock that yet existed was easy to get. Newspapers died natural deaths from want of news, but a thin Government sheet kept the people acquainted with the things the Powers that Be allowed them to know. One week went by, two. Nothing had happened, no gun had been fired, no shell had come roaring at the strong and invincible walls. The enemy was in no hurry to beleague the strongest fortress town the world had ever seen, and the citizens of that town did not blame them. The citizens went on living their serene and monotonous life. They ate and drank in the ordinary way. And presently fifty of them fell ill of ptomaine-poisoning.

No news of this was published in the official sheet, but rumour fled on the feet of lightning among the 600,000 souls of the garrison and town. Fifty deaths from ptomaine-poisoning. It was ridiculous in that strong and invulnerable fortress. The wits became busy.

"The enemy is waiting until we all die off," they declared. "They will wait until we are all in the hospital-wards, or dead with ennui. Then all they will have to do is to walk in."

The enemy may have been wise. They showed no sign of wisdom or of movement. The haze beyond the marshes remained unpeopled by tangible armies. Two days after the first deaths, an additional 150 were notified.

The people in the Town were mildly alarmed, but the *Government Bulletin* reassured them. The deaths were mainly coincidental, the source of the trouble was being located. The people had nothing to fear. The people feared nothing. There was another big batch of deaths the next day, and the day after; but having been given an explanation, they clung to it desperately. "It was all right," they declared. "There is no reason for alarm. The matter is being dealt with by the authorities."

It was. Several days after the Town was put on half meat rations.

The Town was more affronted than alarmed. They asked: "Why half rations, with all those acres of meat in the cold stores?" Why half-rations when not a bayonet-point of the enemy had been seen? The citizens of the Town went about telling each other that some officious fool of a soldier had made a stupid mistake.

There was no mistake. The half meat rations were to continue. The authorities stated the reason in a terse but admirably encouraging *communiqué*. No reason to fear, they insisted again. The total foodstuffs in the Town would enable it to hold out with ease for three years. There were so many million bushels of corn, so much of this and so much of that. The Town was well and plentifully supplied, as became the strongest fortress town of the world. They could still defy the whole power of the enemy—etc., etc. Unfortunately, however, an accident had curtailed their meat-supply. The mishap to the electricity works at the opening of the campaign had not only cut off light, it had cut off power; for thirty-six hours the excessive heat had attacked the newly chilled meat. At the time it was thought that nothing had happened amiss, but the first lots of meat used appeared to have been affected by the heat, and the ptomaine deaths were the result. The authorities thought it wiser for the time being to minimise the supply of meat. People were warned to be economical, and people were warned against foolish panic, which was merely playing into the hands of the enemy.

The Town stirred and murmured, pessimists began to air views, unfortunate fellows began to ask "What next?" Men, with suppressed excitement, began to ask when the enemy would appear; they began to ask what the enemy was doing. The *Government Bulletin* polished up a skirmish of the Field Army that had come to them by wireless and turned it into a fine victory. An aeroplane brought in news that a train of heavy guns had been noted heading apparently for the Town. The *Bulletin* heaviest heavy guns, demonstrated the impossibility of even the heaviest of the enemy's guns making an impression on the strength of the Town. The Town was impregnable, the article said. The enemy knew it—hence their tardiness. The note ended wisely by saying that war called for some privations, and, though the Town suffered very few, it was the attitude of a brave and indomitable race to endure them without murmur.

The Town liked the idea of a brave and indomitable race. As it ate its ineagre meat ration it murmured the blessed words. It became proud almost of its suffering—such as it was. In the cafés, as the citizens sipped their unqualified beer and spirits, and ate their unqualified bread, they talked loudly and long about it. There was, indeed, little else to talk about. The haze on the horizon, though it was growing from an autumnal to a winter tint, was still inviolate. War had not touched the Town at all with its fiery hand—so the citizens talked of their power to resist war. They talked of their invincibility. More than aught else they talked of their huge subterranean granaries and their Gargantuan stocks of grain. Grain,

indeed, became the blessed word among all the 600,000 people of the Town. The authorities liked the idea. They encouraged it. They were just about to stop even the half-ration of meat, for they had none left, and they wanted the people to be self-satisfied and assured when that happened.

A bright brain on the Staff suggested a series of jolly articles on the grain and the granaries for the *Government Bulletin*. The idea seemed good. A Practical Person who had done agricultural journalism was chosen, and he was led by the red-gorgeted Brain into the granaries. The Practical Person came meekly, mustering all his enthusiastic adjectives and eager to be glowing. Into the first great chamber they went. It was a vast place, lit by white arcs of electricity. The Practical Person stood in ecstasy.

"And there are scores of grain-floors like this?" he asked with bated breath.

"Scores," said the Bright Brain. "This is only the second. This is the one we are emptying now. Two weeks' food for our 600,000 folk in this little room. And the grain, what do you think of that?"

"Beautiful stuff," said the gloating Practical Person, as he let the grains trickle through his hand. "And all as fine as this?"

"See for yourself. Come along. One of the beauties of this place is that all the floors open out into one another."

"A beauty, yes," said the Practical Person. "But only when the stuff is sound. If it wasn't sound, the disease would spread like lightning."

"The Government don't buy that sort of grain," said the Brain. He switched on more arcs. "What do you think of that?"

The floor was choked and stifling with high-piled grain.

"It's marvellous," cried the Practical Person. "All this grain, All this good—all this grain." He bent down and lifted a handful of the stuff. He looked at it closely. The Brain looked at it too—noted the film of web that meshed the grains.

"Do you see that?" asked the Practical Person, with a queer note in his voice.

"Oh, rather," said the Brain. "A lot of them about. Must have brought them in with the last lots we bought up in a hurry from old grain-floors."

"Them—? Them? And lots of them about? What do you mean by them?"

"Spiders, of course; webs mean spiders, don't they? They can't be helped. Get about everywhere, 'specially amongst this fusty grain. You'll find 'em all over the place—'pon my soul, in every chamber of this granary."

"Every chamber!" cried the Practical Person, in a thick voice. "In every chamber—my God!"

The Brain jerked back. "What's that?" he cried.

The Practical Person separated the grains in the mesh of web. It was difficult, because the web bound the grains tightly. When he had got the grains free he hit them gently with his fingers. Almost at once there was in his palm a gout of wriggling but infinitesimal worms. He put his palm under the Brain's eyes. He said in a panting voice, that issued strangely from his grey face—

"That is the Wolf," he said.

"Hey?"

"It is called the Wolf because of its unappeasable hunger, because of the devastation its appetite causes—amongst grain. Amongst grain—do you understand?"

And the Brain said "My God!" then.

"It must have come in with those last frantically gathered stores—it must have come from the old grain-floors of dirty and casual dealers. And it is in every chamber, my God! In every chamber—then we starve!" The Practical Person was wailing.

"For the Lord's sake," yapped the Brain, "let's go and see."

They went through all the grain-floors. In every one of them they saw the trail of the Corn-moth—that is, the web of its children the Corn-worms. Every floor was ravaged by the minute creature who had not been called the Wolf for nothing. The dirty grain from hurried buyings had leavened the whole through the weeks with its terrible scourge. Not one floor was unaffected. And 600,000 people in the invincible town were to be fed.

The Official Editor of the *Government Bulletin* was caught correcting a happy article dealing with the follies of the enemy and their heavy guns. It seemed that these were even now lumbering forward to get to positions. Not a shot had yet been fired, but the investing army was now arriving. The Official Editor had employed his gift of mordant sarcasm to the full. It was a capital article. It displeased him to throw it aside and to write another in a more soulful, graver, more apologetic vein. The subject of this new article was "Why we are surrendering both to the enemy and the impossible in this surprising fashion."

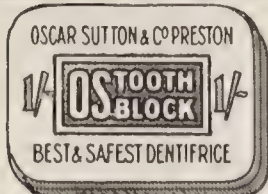
As the General of the enemy's force rode at the head of his corps through the strong works of this invincible town he wondered how he would have fared against it if the place had not surrendered. What effect his guns would have had upon the formidable forts. What effect its wonderful guns would have had on his beleaguering force. He saw well that indeed it was the strongest fortified town in the world. But he would never quite know its strength. Neither would the world.

No shot has been fired against the place or from it.

THE END.



SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.



## USE THIS TO PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

Then you can, without the expense of drugs, retain your health and strength. Refuse cheap substitutes, which are always worthless. If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

## OSCAR SUTTON & CO., PRESTON.

Excepting the Government Insurance Act, everything about our works is BRITISH.



## Photos

ON APPROVAL BY POST OR RAIL.

Assortments are sent without deposit for selection to Responsible Applicants in any Country upon their stating their Profession, or Business and Requirements.

Collections from Noted Galleries, Paris Salon Pictures, Classical Undraped Figures, Statuary, Actresses, and Views. Life (Nude Human Figure), Animal, Land, Water, Flower, and other studies for Artists.

Famous Illustrated Price Catalogue, 2/6, or 5 U.S.A. Cents, post free, or with a Specimen Cabinet, 1/2, or 30 U.S.A. Cents, post free. Foreign Stamps not exceeding 2/- are accepted, but Postal Coupons or Money Orders are preferred. Packets of selected subjects on sale on receipt of 2/-, 10/-, or 20/-. State class required. Photos exchanged if not approved.

THE PARISIAN PHOTO PUBLISHING HOUSE, Corot Terrace, 109-11, Bedford Hill, Balham Junction, London, S.W. Established 1876.

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Give instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



AS BRITISH AS THE WEATHER — BUT RELIABLE!



## THE PRICE-ECONOMY of DEXTER

Weatherproofs results from scientific organisation and an ever-increasing demand. Further extensive developments in Dexter proofing-plant and other facilities were made last Season. These now prove especially advantageous, enabling us, notwithstanding the heavy increase in the cost of materials and transport, still to sell Dexters at their popular moderate prices.

Exclusive Dexter Features—Dexter proofing (innocent of rubber)—Dexter Feather-weave (self-ventilating)—Dexter Tailoring—and Dexter-Value-for-Price.



Supplied by one or more of the best shops in every district, where you can obtain any style or size of Dexter 1915 Weatherproof Models.

POPULAR 42/- to 63/- FOR GENTLEMEN & GENTLEWOMEN TWO

Dexter "CROXDALE" the All-Wool Weatherproof, from 50/-

Write for New Dexter Patterns and Illustrated Style Book, showing the best and widest range of Weatherproofs ever made.

WALLACE, SCOTT & CO. Ltd., CATHCART, Glasgow. Makers also of Dexter Wrap Coats.

## COMFORT for the WOUNDED.

The irritation and soreness caused by BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c., can be quickly relieved by the application of

## TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.



SOOTHING and EMOLLIENT. NON-ABSORBENT.

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT SKIN DOCTORS. Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

JOHN TAYLOR, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.

The largest carpet renovators in the world.

## CARPETS BEATEN

PATENT STEAM

## CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD

196, YORK ROAD, KINGS CROSS, N.

CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

## FREE INSURANCE

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

## OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

## COUPON - INSURANCE - TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act" 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

March 17, 1915

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.



## Officers' Kits by Hazel & Co.

51A Berners St., London, W.

Telephone :  
Regent 4960.

Telegrams :  
"Westazel, London."

**A**S MILITARY OUTFITTERS OF 100 years' standing, we are able to supply officers with dependable materials inaccessible to outfitters having little experience of the military trade.

Every yard we use is closely woven, thoroughly shrunk, and waterproofed — ensuring an officer's comfort, health and satisfaction in the severe tests of Active Service.

In this war our waterproof interlined weatherproofs have established a reputation that will endure.

**Full Price List and Patterns on Request. Perfect fitting assured by our self-measurement form.**

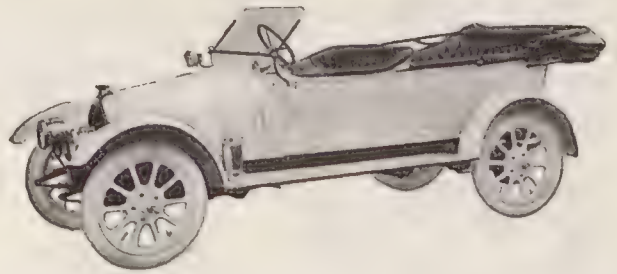
ALSO MAKERS OF RANK AND FILE UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENTS.

Rank & File Dept. : 65/73 East Road, City Road, London, E.C.

Army Cloths, Serges and Drills  
Uniform Clothing and Caps.  
Military and Tropical Helmets.

Web and Leather Accoutrements.  
Shirts, Hosiery, and Necessaries.  
Maxim Rifle Silencers.

Branches: 6 YORK PLACE, LEEDS; 84 MILLER STREET, GLASGOW;  
and 137 LONGMARKET STREET, CAPE TOWN.



After explaining that his 10-h.p. Humber had done 3000 miles on "very bad roads and stiff hills," Mr. W. J. Park, of Liverpool, says—

"I HAVE never had an involuntary stoppage—not even a puncture. The engine is running, if possible, more sweetly than ever, and it has never been touched."

FITTED with C.A.V.  
dynamo, electric light-  
ing set and self-starter.

£310

HUMBER, LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.

Repair Works: Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.

SOUTHAMPTON: 25 & 27, London Road. AGENTS EVERYWHERE.



## SILVO CLEANS THE PLATE IN HALF THE TIME.

Send a post-card to-day to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. 85), Hull, for a free sample of SILVO, giving your name and address and that of your Grocer, and see how quickly it cleans the silverware. In half the usual time and with much less labour, your plated and silver goods will take on a brilliancy equal to their finish when new.

## SILVO THE NEW PLATE POLISH

marks a new departure from old methods, and effects a saving in time, labour, and silver. It can be used at any time and in any dress. SILVO is a clean polish to use. SILVO saves silver.

A proof that SILVO is absolutely harmless.

"A piece of copper was plated with the thinnest coating of silver possible, and cleaned with SILVO each day for three months. At the end of the period there was no sign of wear."

SILVO is sold in 3d. and 6d. tins, by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, Stores, &c.

RECKITT & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. 85), Hull.



## Absolutely Safe Treatment

at the

## ADAIR GANESH Establishment

92, New Bond St., London, W. Phone—Ger. 3782

Bright Youthful Eyes, Perfect Contours, and a Soft, Firm, Healthy Skin can be acquired and retained by the Wonderful

## Ganesh Adair Treatment & Preparations.

WRITE FOR FREE  
BOOKLET.

The Adair Establishment  
is British,  
and only British employed.

ADVICE  
GRATIS.

The Ganesh Eastern Oil will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any preparation ever invented. From 5/6.

## FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR



CAN BE INSTANTLY  
CHANGED INTO  
A SEMI OR FULL  
LENGTH  
COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. When the button is released the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable, and when not in use slides under the seat.

Catalogue C 13  
of Adjustable  
Chairs Free.

The "BURLINGTON."

(Patented)

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.





"He takes bets up to the last moment—from his regular patrons."

## "Duggie will do it for me— the race hasn't started!"

My dear fellow, I never hesitate to send Duggie a wire from the course when I've a fancy for anything in a certain race which doesn't start to scheduled time!"

"Pretty fair-minded, open-dealing sort of chap, I should imagine!"

"Rather! 'Duggie's' no niggard, and is always prepared to take a bet up to the very last moment from his patrons, advertised time or no advertised time: he's always. . . . By-the-way, did you see what the *Sporting Times* said of him a week or so ago? . . . No? . . . Surprised at you! . . . always thought you read it from start to finish . . . well . . . *you* know it's not the sort of paper to recommend anyone blindly . . . said that choosing 'Duggie' as your Turf Accountant removed the only remaining doubt or difficulty in the whole subject of betting. . . . That he 'could be firmly and safely trusted to transact the business' (they were the very words) . . . that he'd 'been established nearly a quarter-of-a-century'; that his 'reputation was as unstained to-day as when he first commenced business'; that he 'conducts a reputable business in a reputable way, and is not ashamed of it and has no reason to be!' They were the very words! . . . Here, it's getting late! I must get this 'on' . . . let me send this wire off to 'Duggie' now!" (They part.)

*Send full particulars of your requirements and*

## Open a Credit Account Now

with

# DOUGLAS STUART

in readiness for the "Unlimited Double Event"

## LINCOLN & NATIONAL.

Douglas  
STUART  
102 New Oxford St. W.  
Member Principal Sporting Clubs.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Haste to the Wedding.**

Never has there been such a wooing and wedding among the usually prudent upper-middle classes as during the last six months. It has literally rained marriages—all quiet, mostly hasty, and shorn of all the pow-wow and ostentation which usually accompanies the making of man and wife. Jewellers complain that there are no presents—or only the simplest ones; the milliners bemoan the simplicity of marriage “kits”; but from the number of bright-eyed, smiling pairs who are going about, treading on air and as happy as spring birds, we may conclude that these nuptials

are even more satisfactory than those which used to have a column in the *Morning Post*. So long as the grooms are in khaki, these young brides seem to be able to do without quite a number of things they once thought necessary to existence. They cheerfully ignore motor-cars, wedding journeys, smart clothes, pearls, and even a house to live in; and many a spoiled beauty sets up married life in a village inn, to be near her potential fighting man, knitting or doing Red Cross work, whereas once the day was not long enough to contain all the pleasure she demanded of life. It is certain that the war has brought out the best in our over-civilised folk, and that the cynical frivolity of the last few years has disappeared for at least a generation. These hasty marriages are a kind of test. At a moment of such tragic happenings, of deep emotion, marriages of “convenience” are almost unknown. The young and brave have come into their own again, and are more likely to prevail than the mere owner of money-bags. From the point of view of eugenics nothing could be better; you have here personal selection among the strong, young, and courageous and the comely among women. Let us encourage, by all means, the war-wedding, and in every class. They are among the most rosy and hopeful happenings in the world war.

**The Hateful Hoop.**

Most of us will be astonished if the usually sensible Englishwoman falls into the obvious trap set her by foreign dressmakers to change the “fashion” and wear hooped skirts. Why, just when we want to economise, to look like reasonable beings, and not like dressed-up dolls, should we choose this dreadful year to go back to Crimean fashions? Indeed, you have only to look at the new statue of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place to see how inappropriate these full skirts are for nursing or otherwise doing rational things. I doubt if Miss Nightingale swept the hospital floors at Scutari with those folds and flounces; she had too much knowledge of hygiene to wear anything but a trim short skirt such as most of us will wear for many a month to come. It is not *le beau moment* for wild experiments.

**People Who Will Gain Through the War.**

It is a curious fact that, while most civilised white people are engaged in mangling and destroying each other beyond hope or recognition, the uncivilised people, such as bears, seals, musquash, sables, silver and black foxes, marten, and beaver—all the animals with which we clothe or ornament our persons—are

going to have absolute freedom and happiness in which to pursue their ways, raise families, and live their short lives on earth. What dangers and conflicts there may be will come from other animals, not from man—the trapper and huntsman—for the fur trade is at an absolute standstill, and no woman will afford such luxuries as chinchilla, sables, and ermine. This self-sacrifice must now be practised in the United States as well as in Europe, for London is the great centre of the fur trade, and most of the finer pelts are brought here to be dressed and made up, and yet the industry is almost dead. It is cheerful to think of any living thing being better off for the war, that young sables are scampering fancy free in the Russian steppes, small bruins “bear-fighting” for pure joy in the Rocky Mountains, and that all the “little foxes,” silver, blue, or black, may reasonably laugh and rejoice.

**Not Fit for Influenza.**

If you find yourself “down and under” with an attack of this delicious spring influenza, then be careful, Gentle Reader, what you ask for in the way of literature, light or heavy. To begin with, eschew (“eschew” is a good word, and sounds like a sneeze), eschew, then, I implore you, most of the current serious Reviews, however much they may amuse you in the jocund times of health. Even if convalescent, you are probably in the stage when you are ready to burst into tears if there is too much butter on your hot toast, and certainly you cannot endure scoffing journalistic pessimism about the war. In some of these productions you will get the impression that the Germans will go on fighting in the last ditch till about 1925, when all our little boys now playing with marbles will be ready to take their place “in the trenches.” In others, it is cheerfully asserted that our Foreign Office is thoroughly rotten, this country over-run with spies called Schmidt who have cunningly naturalised themselves into Smythe and who will blow us up with bombs at some inappropriate moment, that no one at the Admiralty has the least notion of his business, and so on and so on. At this stage you will probably remind yourself that, anyway, you didn’t make the war, and that you wish to wash your hands of it until you are well enough to go out again and attend your usual Relief and Aid and Hostel Committees. But there are other forms of literature even worse than this. Twaddling fiction with sentimental endings and anything with the word “Tipperary” in it arouse resentment. The great but depressing works of Dostoevsky may also be laid on one

side, together with problem-novels and the gibes of the cynical Shaw. On the whole, I think the works of Professor Stephen Leacock—which I have only just discovered—are ideal books for the Scourge, and if you cannot laugh at “Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich” then you had better call in another medical opinion.



IN THE OLD “PELISSE” STYLE: A MODEL IN BLUE SERGE.

Made like an old-fashioned “pelisse,” this model is carried out in blue serge, over a foundation of black corded silk, with a drapery of silk drawn round the hips. The upper part of the frock opens over folds of cream net, the collar being of black silk, while the embroidery appearing in the front is in silks, black bugles and silver thread. One of the new close-fitting black-velvet hats, edged with a tiny trimming of skunk, completes the costume.






**A Medical Comfort—**  
FOR INVALIDS & THE WOUNDED

Lemco is a valuable aid to those who are struggling against suffering and weakness. It is better than beef-tea, and has important features which render it peculiarly indispensable to an enfeebled system.

It is susceptible of easy assimilation; it stimulates without reaction; and fat being entirely excluded in the process of manufacture, it does not nauseate.

A teaspoonful of Lemco in a glass of hot milk creates a most nourishing and easily digested diet. Lemco is excellent, too, for the preparation of meat-jellies and other sick-room dainties.

# LEMCO

## Sir, your Boots! Your Leggings!

**LUTETIAN CREAM** (in bottles and tubes) makes and keeps all brown leathers spick and span—with less work and less expense than aught else you have tried.

Three shades of Lutetian Cream are stocked—*light, dark, and extra dark.* The *extra dark* gives the rich mahogany look—use the one most suited. The dark shades are most suited for Military Belts and Boots

—and for wet weather

use **Brown's Waterproof Dubbin** (tins). Brown's Dubbin keeps footwear easy, pliable, and comfy and dry as snuff on the inside though you stand in water all day long.

Take a note of them while you remember—

# LUTETIAN CREAM

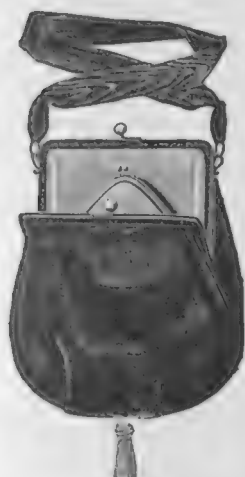
and

## BROWN'S WATERPROOF DUBBIN

All good Bootmen or Stores can supply both of the above. The Quality and Results of these two preparations make them easily the best value on the market. Trial proves it. 1000 3d. Tins of Dubbin (enough for a battalion), £5 10s. Prices for other quantities for the troops on request.

**E. BROWN & SON, Ltd.**

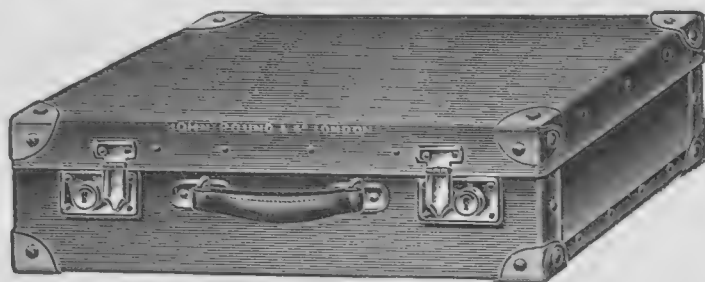
(Dept. A), 7, Garrick St., London, W.C.



Black MOIRÉ Silk,  
10/6

# John Pound & Co.

**Actual Makers.**

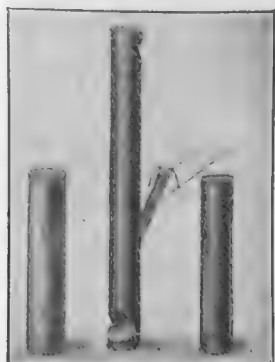


Brown VULCANIZED FIBRE Suit Case, light and strong.

22 in.,	24 in.,	26 in.,	28 in.,
17/6	19/6	21/6	23/6



Morocco Grain LEATHER,  
Black only.  
Wonderful 8/6 Value.

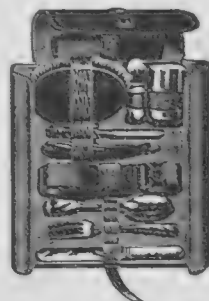


**Our New Trench Periscope.**  
Complete with extra Mirror  
and Canvas Case,  
14/6

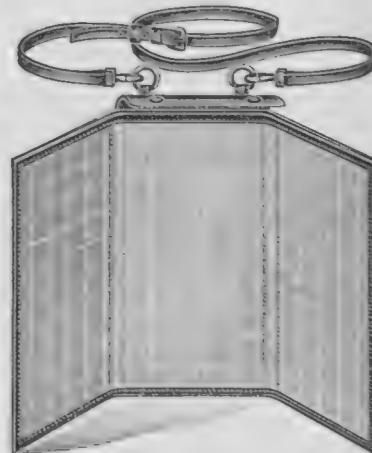
Postage to the Expeditionary  
Force, 1/-



$\frac{1}{2}$ -Pint Service Flask.  
Britannia Metal. Screw Cap.  
10/6



**Fitted Companion**, Brown Water-  
proof Canvas with Leather Loops.  
As 15/6 Sketch.  
Cheaper Quality, 12/6



**Service Map Case.** Transparent front.  
REAL PIGSKIN, three fold, hide  
shoulder-strap. Size open 17 x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  
folded 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6, 18/6

**268 - 270, Oxford Street, W.**

187, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.

177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W. 243, Brompton Road, S.W.

81 - 84, LEADENHALL STREET, London, E.C.



# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Americans and the Mode.

All smart American women are Allies in heart and sympathy. Can anyone who knows their characteristics doubt it? Could they ever abide the dominance of German-made clothes? Is it to be imagined that they could ever sympathise with the attitude of German men towards women? American women, whose smartness and extravagance and love of social lead are looked upon by their menkind with affectionate pride, could hardly approve of the dominance in the world of men who regard women solely from a utilitarian point of view. Bismarck, who was devoted to his Countess, always read her letters with intense, if affectionate, amusement; the Kaiser never has associated the Kaiserin with himself as King George does Queen Mary; the highly educated, strenuous, and most individualistic American woman, with her own point of view on everything, her habit of being admired and given in to, would hardly adapt herself to a German standpoint. Of course, the dress matter is the chief point on which there could be no agreement, the wifely obedience the second, and subservience to men the third.

**Short and Full.** We are taking the plunge from long and clinging to short and full characteristically. It is being done with the caution of our race. I see skirts which are short and full, and beneath them other skirts which are rather like a single trouser, so clinging and narrow are they. Some appear to be, and possibly are, bifurcated. Now French and American women and the models on *mannequins* have the courage of their conviction, and between the short fly-off skirts and the natty cloth-top boots is no clinging under-skirt. No doubt, we shall come to it in time, but we are at present feeling our way. When our eyes become trained to the shortness and the fullness we shall find it quite smart; but English eyes never rush their fences—they always look before they leap.

## The Costumes that Come in the Spring.

For the woman who likes to look really ladylike and dignified, and who also desires to be in the last moment of the mode—as most of us do—let me recommend a visit to Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street. There will be found



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. J. A. PENNINGTON LEIGH, R.N. • MISS ISEULT MURRAY.

Miss Murray is the youngest daughter of Mr. Oswald Murray, of Arkwright Road, Hampstead. Mr. Pennington Leigh is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

Photograph by Sarony.

are polished gun-metal, and the collar high at the back and folded down. It is a charming coat and skirt. Another double-skirted costume is in rose-coloured ribbed cloth, with rose-pearl buttons. In giving the colours it must be understood that these costumes



AN INTERESTING ANGLO-BELGIAN ALLIANCE: CAPTAIN R. E. G. VAN CUTSEM AND MISS MARY CHRISTIAN ARNOTT.

Captain van Cutsem, Leinster Regiment, is son of the late Edouard van Cutsem, of the Château Blackenviger, Marie Alter, Belgium. Miss Arnott is one of twin daughters of Sir John Alexander Arnott and Lady Arnott, of Merrion Square, Dublin. The marriage is announced to take place very shortly.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



can be reproduced in any colour desired. A grey diagonal camel's-hair cloth coat and skirt has pleats in the skirt caught by arrow-heads of silk embroidery. This gives width round the hem. The belt is broad, and deepens at the side. It falls loosely near the front, and is finished with an amber buckle. A soft violet-blue faced cloth coat is long at the back and not so long in front; the skirt opens in front, giving the idea of an over-skirt; the revers are long, and the whole effect one of smart distinction. Smarter in character for more dressy occasions are some black gowns. One is glacé over a white vest and sleeves, the vest showing only at the side. The skirt is wide, and corded round the hem. The bodice part is made with a basque in front and a fitted waist-piece at the back. There is a green satin stock, and a touch of green between straps on the short zouave coat and in front on a jaunty little lorgnette pocket. A dress of black Georgette and paille was also very smart. The skirt of Georgette, with bias bands of faille, fell over an under-skirt of faille. The bodice, of faille and Georgette, was finished with darts of white faille and oxydised embroidery on black—on the bodice up from the waist, and on the skirt down from the waist. Very attractive and fascinating, too, was a black faille Princess dress with buttons down the front seam, the vest white, and the back coat-shaped. With it was a cape-like coat of the same material having a high collar lined with drawn lawn, and trimmed with black gimp and black silk fringe. There is no lack of inspiration at Fenwick's for the prettiest and latest of spring costumes.



HIS MAJESTY'S NEW PAGE OF HONOUR: MR. FRANCIS STONOR.

Mr. Francis Stonor, who has just been appointed Page of Honour to King George, is the only son of the Hon. Edward Alexander Stonor, uncle of Lord Camoys. His mother, the Hon. Mrs. E. Stonor, is a daughter of Mr. Richard Ralli, and at the time of her marriage to Mr. Edward Stonor, in 1899, was the widow of Mr. Ambrose Ralli, of Gloucester Square, Hyde Park. Mr. Francis Stonor was born in 1900.

Photograph by Lafayette.

**Dyes and Ties.** Men have very characteristic fancies in ties as to colour as well as to pattern. There are, of course, now no nice young men who want them other than in khaki; but those in the Service like to look at pretty ties and anticipate the pleasant days of peace. I went into a shop with one such the other day, and he asked at once, "Haven't you got anything livelier than what's in the window?" "Oh yes, Sir." "Then why not hang it out? I'm not keen on startlers, you know; but all your ties there are of the blues!" "Well, Sir, the new dyes don't stand being in the window—the light fades them." "That's a pretty go. Why, we shall be like women—afraid of the colour flying! If we beat the Germans living, why can't you beat them dyeing, eh?" It sounded odd, but it was quite serious.

## Eat and Drink as Friends.

Although politically Lord Derby and Lord Rosebery strive mightily, for years they have been friends. Both are sportsmen in the widest and best sense, both are British gentlemen, they are broad-minded, and they are patriotic. The approaching matrimonial alliance of the families is therefore but the cementing of friendship and the further rubbing-down of political angles already being so generally accomplished by the war. Lady Victoria Stanley is a pretty girl, and a very great favourite; Mr. Neil Primrose is rich, brilliant, brave, and good-looking—what could be better?



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. GEORGE HUTCHINSON: MISS MARY DURELL BARNES.

Miss Barnes is the younger daughter of the late H. D. Barnes, and Mrs. Barnes, of Berkeley, Faversham, Kent. Lieut. Hutchinson is in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



# The Magnetic Girl.

How She Compels Others to Obey Her Will.

Simple Method that enables anyone to control thoughts and acts of others, cure diseases and habits without drugs, win the love and friendship of others, and read the secret thoughts and desires of people though thousands of miles away.

"TO UPLIFT AND BENEFIT MANKIND," says  
THE REV. JAMES STANLEY WENTZ.

WONDERFUL BOOK DESCRIBING THIS STRANGE  
FORCE POST FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE AT ONCE.

The National Institute of Sciences of London, England, has appropriated £5000 towards a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful simple system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character-reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book indicate clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

That Prof. Knowles' system is exciting the interest of the brightest intellect of the present day is clearly shown by the scores of recommendations, among which the following from representative British publications, the clergy, and the medical profession, are striking examples.

*The Christian Age.*—"Prof. Knowles' System has cured disease,

corrected bad habits, strengthened memory, and proved highly beneficial in the cultivation of personality and personal influence."

*The London Weekly Times.*—"Prof. Elmer E. Knowles' Complete System of Personal Influence and Healing provides the embryo enthusiast with just such knowledge as could be adapted to his own personal circumstances and inclinations."

*The London Mail.*—"Professor Knowles' System embraces a great deal of erudition in a form which can be readily grasped by all who have the ability to read and understand simple prose. No better help towards success in life could be desired."

*Modern Society.*—"No modern investigator along psychological lines has received so large an amount of praise as that accorded to Prof. Elmer E. Knowles for his marvellous System of Personal Influence and

Healing. Here at last is a man who is at once a great scholar, a born teacher, and a practical helper—for the instruction papers reveal a nature which is sympathetic and of good fellowship for an ambitious, yet largely misguided, population."

The Rev. James Stanley Wentz says:—"No one can give the system a careful perusal without becoming satisfied that in giving this knowledge to the world Prof. Knowles is actuated by the earnest desire to uplift and benefit mankind. I heartily recommend this course to all who desire to develop and cultivate their inner forces."

A leading London Physician, Dr. R. N. Pickering, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., in a letter to Prof. Knowles, says: "I consider your system the most complete and accurate literature upon the subject. You have treated the science with much ability."

A prominent American Physician, A. W. Fisher, M.D., Ph.D., M.E., Principal of the Douglas Institute, writes: "Your system is very useful to me in my practice."

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to

apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few.

If you wish a copy of Professor Knowles' book send your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly, and address your letter to:

National Institute of Sciences, Dept. 12.G., 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. (No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. stamps, to pay postage, etc.)



Miss Josephine Davis, the popular actress, who believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.



THE Season's Models in Lingerie and Tub Frocks are now ready, and an early visit of inspection to 'The Children's Shop' is cordially invited.

Complete Illustrated List FREE.

**ROWE**

106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



## The LOVE of a BARGAIN

THE love of a bargain is not essentially the prerogative of woman; it is not the exclusive enjoyment of the low-of-purse. It is inherent and innate in all of us—no matter what our position.

In other words, the knowledge of having secured unusually high value for our expenditure brings a secret joy and satisfaction—a joy and satisfaction transcending, in point of fact, those which follow even a free gift of something of great worth!

Every purchase at Jelks' is a genuine second-hand bargain; but, owing to their securing complete and beautiful homes from well-circumstanced people who are giving up

housekeeping, they are in a position to offer

### High-Grade Second-hand Furniture

at prices which are without parallel in the business.

Each month they publish a Bargain List of articles ranging from a Jacobean side-board to a lizard-skin, including articles of vertu, articles of common use—every description of household furniture. Lovers of a bargain will do well to send their names and addresses to

Messrs. Jelks to be placed on their list for a free monthly copy of this unique guide to "the better things" in furnishing.



A Personal Call is Solicited, otherwise WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE DESCRIPTIVE BARGAIN BOOKLET (Post-free). London deliveries all districts daily. Country orders carriage paid.

Established over **W. JELKS & SONS**, Half a Century.

**263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, Holloway Road, London, N.**

Telephones: 2598, 2599 North; 7826 Central.

Telegrams: "Jellicoe, London."

REMOVAL ESTIMATE FREE.





### A HINT TO BUYERS: PATRIOTISM AND PRIVATE OWNERS: WHERE TO ORDER.

#### Place Your Order Now.

It is very much to be feared that a good many motorists or would-be motorists are going to suffer serious disappointment this year if they do not decide quickly as to their intentions. No one, of course, expected for a moment that there would be anything like the normal amount of buying and selling after the war broke out, and many people were quite prepared to see the motoring industry brought to an absolute standstill. As a matter of fact, however, the number is by no means small of those who wish to acquire a new car for 1915—as is only natural when it is remembered that the motor-car is to many people an absolute necessity. Probably all have assumed that any manufacturer would be only too pleased to receive an order; and, though it is generally known that the leading factories are busy with the building of motor-lorries and the making of shells, it would have been thought that they were, nevertheless, free to deal with whatever requests came along for private cars.

#### Some Cars Will Be Hard to Get.

Such, however, is not the case. In many instances the whole energies of a given factory are being devoted to the production of military material. This may have been done voluntarily, or it may be the result of strong pressure from the War Office and the Admiralty. As a consequence, various people have already discovered that they are unable to obtain the car of their choice; in some places they have been offered a prospect of delivery six months hence, while in others the order has simply been declined with thanks. For every potential buyer, however, who has already made inquiries there will be scores as soon as the spring has fully set in, for, in spite of all experience, people will follow the old lines and imagine that they can get a car as soon as they have made up their minds to buy one. Anyone who intends to acquire a car for use this summer should make up his mind immediately, one way or the other. If he decides to buy, he must not merely go through the usual routine of examination and selection, according to the figure to which he is prepared to go, but must simultaneously, if not previously,

of Transatlantic vehicles be sold because of the shortage of European types, but also that a foothold will have been gained which will seriously affect the state of the market after peace has been declared. British manufacturers, therefore—especially those who do not confine themselves to the production of models of a very high price—would do well to keep an eye upon the future, and endeavour so far as possible to maintain their existing connections. It is hardly necessary to remark, of course, that national needs are the first consideration, and that whatever the War Office and Admiralty require must be produced with the utmost despatch. But all these things are matters of degree. Bootmakers and tailors are working night and day for the Army, but no one would suggest that, as a consequence, the ordinary civilian should go bare-footed or unclad when his boots or clothes are worn out. Until it can be shown that official requirements for any given commodity are so great as to approach or even overtake the entire capacity of the industry which produces it, it is only reasonable that the needs of the private individual should be borne in mind. Now, where the motoring industry is concerned, it cannot by any means be averred that its workshops have been entirely given over to War Office or Admiralty needs. Were the latter the case, of course there would be nothing more to be said. What has happened is that there has been an inequality of apportionment of Government orders. If a portion of these were passed on to other quarters, the firms primarily concerned would thereby be enabled to maintain their private trade.



IN TRAINING FOR THE AIR CORPS AT THE FRONT: LORD HUGH CECIL, M.P.

Lord Hugh Cecil, who is the fifth son of the late Marquess of Salisbury, and one of the best-known M.P.s on the Unionist side as Member for Oxford University, is in training for service at the front as an airman. He is learning to be a pilot, at Shoreham Aerodrome, near Brighton, with a Maurice Farman machine, and is said to have made such progress that he can fly alone, and may shortly be awarded his certificate. Lord Hugh is in his forty-sixth year, and an old Etonian.

Photograph by Lafayette.

#### Where Cars Can Be Had.

The Napier firm is almost alone in boldly announcing its ability to deal with private orders, and its efforts in this direction are deserving of support accordingly. I believe that the Humber factory is also busy on touring-cars, and should imagine that the same may be said of the Rover Company. Sundry other firms are mentioned in the *Motor*, in response to that journal's inquiries; but the number of noteworthy omissions shows that many concerns are too indifferent to reply.



FOR SERVICE WITH THE ALLIES AT THE FRONT: NAPIER RED CROSS AMBULANCES SENT OUT BY THE WAR OFFICE.

With incessant activity, the War Office allows no slackening in the supply of ambulance wagons for service at the front. One of the latest batches to be despatched is seen above—a section of Napier Red Cross Ambulances, completely equipped with drivers and attendants. The vehicles are of the 16-22-h.p. four-cylinder Napier pattern, with the rear-wheels fitted

ascertain whether the car of his choice can be delivered by the time he needs it.

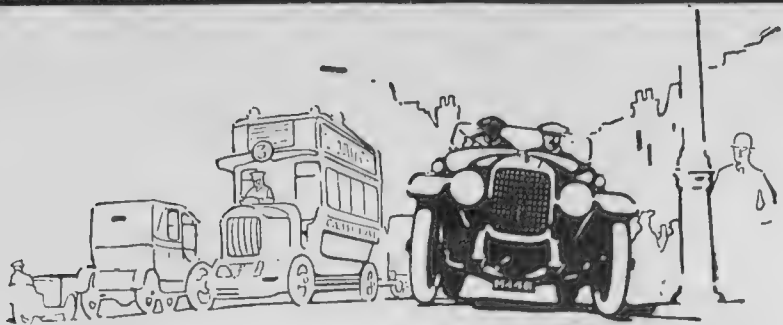
#### The Americans' Chance.

Meanwhile, the makers of American cars stand every chance of scooping the pool. Already they have placed agencies in many quarters where formerly only high-class British or Continental cars were handled, and from this it follows that not only will large numbers

with twin pneumatic tyres and capable of traversing the roughest ground with a minimum of discomfort to wounded men. As a special safeguard against fire, each ambulance is fitted with the Pyrene Extinguisher adopted by the War Office. The makers of the Napier are deservedly at the front in this time when speed and reliability are so essential.

Sooner or later, however, the position will have to be faced, always assuming that the national needs are not increased; and, unless a vigorous effort is made by the ultra-busy firms to keep themselves reasonably to the front, it is to be feared that they will find themselves in by no means a happy frame of mind when the war is over and the American car is seen to have gained a foothold from which it cannot be dislodged.





## Don't hug the kerb.

Keep to the crown of the road, except when meeting or overtaking. Never pull up with the tyres touching the kerb. The friction will damage the tyre wall, and cause a permanent weak place. Moreover, a burst in the side usually renders a cover unfit for retreading.

The nearside tyres always bear the brunt of the work. But by fitting

# DUNLOP

### DETACHABLE WHEELS

the tyres can be regularly changed over with the greatest ease. This will evenly distribute the wear and increase your mileage.



TRADE MARK.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry. Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent St., London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

## POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

### OFFICERS' KIT.

Officers at the Front have learnt from bitter experience that the excessive strain on active service renders uniforms made from any but the finest Khaki useless in a few weeks. Although there is a regulation colour, there is no regulation *quality* for Officers' materials, and in consequence the best quality costs from 300 to 400 per cent. (a startling assertion, but true) more than the indifferent qualities often used.

The prices charged for Service Kit by Pope & Bradley are quoted for the finest and most expensive materials procurable and for West End workmanship. The policy of the House has always been to supply only the best that money can buy, and considers its reputation at stake over every Military garment produced.

The initial War Office grant is amply sufficient to cover a full equipment from Pope & Bradley, and it is a false economy to endeavour to try to save a few pounds by buying second-grade Kit.

Service Jacket (Heavy Khaki Serge) ..	£3 3 0
Do. (Guards' Baratheas) ..	£4 4 0
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped)	£2 12 6
Slacks .. ..	£1 5 0
British Warm .. ..	£3 15 0
Service Greatcoat .. ..	£4 10 0

### MUFTI.

The Mufti productions of the House represent the highest traditions of Bond Street tailoring, and, by trading upon a rigid cash basis, are offered at the most moderate prices compatible with their quality.

Lounge Suits .. ..	from £4 4 0
Overcoats .. ..	£4 4 0
Evening Suits .. ..	£6 6 0

Upon application, we shall be pleased to forward our book, "THE MAN OF TO-DAY," dealing exhaustively with men's dress in every phase.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &  
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

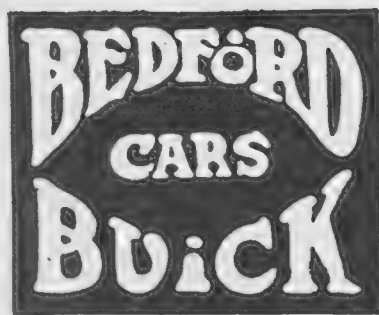
## A Royal Stimulant

of acknowledged purity and supreme excellence.

# "Four Crown"

## Scotch Whisky.

Sole Proprietors  
**ROBERT BROWN Limited,**  
Distillers by Royal Warrant.  
GLASGOW and 14, Jewry Street, LONDON, E.C.



Electric Self-Starting and Lighting.

Powerful Overhead Valve Engine.

Reliable and Durable Chassis.

Attractive and Comfortable Bodywork.

### BEDFORD BUICK MODELS:

(British-built coachwork).

15-18 h.p. Empress ..	£285
15-18 h.p. Streamline Torpedo	£295
15-18 h.p. Arcadian Cabriolet	£365

### BUICK MODELS:

15-18 h.p. 2-seater ..	£235
15-18 h.p. 5-seater ..	£245

Complete Equipment, including Michelin Tyres.

GENERAL MOTORS (Europe), Ltd., 135, Long Acre, London, W.C.  
Telephone: Gerrard 9625 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Buickgen, London."



## The FRENCH VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Natural Mineral Water

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

### FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents—INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E. And at Liverpool & Bristol.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## WONDERFUL WORD-PICTURES OF RUSSIA.\*

HOW may the transition be expressed from the crudities of the evening newspaper to an afternoon with this mild, thoughtful traveller? It is like leaving the café for the fresh air of the dark street and a star or two overhead; it is like exchanging the once noisy brilliance of the town for that star or two always overhead, but only now visible to the modern Londoner.

**The Red Sign.** And first Mr. Graham relates how the news of war overtook him in a little Russian village on the Chinese frontier—Russian still, though thousands of miles from Moscow. "Flying messengers arrived on horses' breathless and steaming," with sealed packets of secret instructions for the head Cossack. "The great red flag was mounted on an immense pine-pole at the end of one street, and at night it was taken down, and a large red lantern was hung in its place. At the entrance of every village such a flag flew by day, such a lantern glowed by night."

**The Cossack's Consecration.** Immediate hustle of departure, uniforms, swords, and boots collected, horses' lips turned up that vets. might examine their teeth, everything for a campaign provided and checked. And the day of setting out! "At eight o'clock in the morning the holy-water basin was taken from the church and placed with triple candle-sticks on the open, sun-blazed mountain-side. Each Cossack bent bare-headed beneath the paint-brush charged with holy-water while his priest, blue-robed as the summer sky, consecrated him to battle with the sign of the Cross. Only then did we learn the incredible fact that the war was with Germany. It made the hour and the act and the place even more poignant."

**The Tokens of War.** Into the stirrups again for the last ceremony—one of festival. Two miles out from the village an ox was roasted and vodka flowed for that one day of mobilisation. With their women, who had followed them out, they ate and toasted, amid cheers and songs. "There was an hour of it, and then the officer in command gave the word . . . they dipped with the dust of their going into the horizon." And outside every village from Mongolia to the far-off borders of Austria and Poland "there still hung by day the red flag of war, by night the great red lantern with baleful light."

\* "Russia and the World." By Stephen Graham. (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net.)

## Blue Ribbon Behind the Flag.

All the way back to Moscow the sound of women's sobs. "Have you heard the earth crying?" asked Vassily Vassilitch; and added: "As I lay in the grass with my ear to the ground, I heard her. It was the time the soldiers mobilised and women were sobbing in every cottage and at every turning of the road, so it may only have been that I heard. But it seemed to me the earth herself was crying, so gently, so sadly, that my own heart ached." But hope was in the air of Moscow. Above all, the vodka shops were closed. Closed at first for a month, then for the war, and probably for ever. Russia has been made sober "by word of Tsar," to whose "sacred simplicity" Mr. Graham pays sincere tribute.

## The Imperial Note For Empire.

Impressions of Libau, the coast town shelled by the German fleet, of Petrograd, of Warsaw, trembling with alarms and excursions; philosophical impressions of race and temperament and destiny must be left, absorbing as they are, to the reader of the book itself. But the Englishman will linger most over Mr. Graham's suggestive comparison of the two great Empires of the Allies. Russia, with her almost limitless country for colonisation, all unified by the element of land into one organic body, and Britain's great Colonies dismembered, scattered, by leagues of sea. We must bring them nearer by a State service of steam-boats, public bridges between our Colonies and ourselves; journeys on the sea must become unimportant and ordinary—the longest should not cost more than £1 in fare. The future of Russia is simple; she has only to build railways across her possessions. She already takes her colonists over 6000 miles for 24s. Spiritual and national nourishment can flow to them on direct lines from Petrograd, Moscow, and other centres. Mr. Graham returned to England with a group of naval officers and men who had been shipwrecked on their return from Archangel. They will bring their "quiet but potent thoughts dreamed out on the battlefield, or sworn in the moment of danger and distress, to a new and greater Britain."

## MISS LILIAN WARNER.

Referring to the portrait which we give upon another page, described as that of Miss Lilian Georgina Warner, we very much regret that by an unfortunate mistake the photographer misdescribed the photograph, which is really that of Miss Lilian Warner's sister. The page upon which the portrait appears had already gone to press when the mistake was discovered, too late, we regret, for a correction in the shape of a new illustration to be made.



## NEW SOFT FIELD-SERVICE CAPS.

LADIES and Gentlemen having Sons and Brothers at the Front will do a kindly act by sending them one of our new Soft Service Caps; in use, it has all the appearance of a Stiffened Cap.

The price is very moderate, and we send Post Free for 18/6. Army Officers still in this country can have a good selection sent on Approval, if desired.



SCOTTS, Ltd., 1, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



## STORM PROOFS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE (Naval and Military).

A Rubber-coated Cloth produced by Elvery's.

"A tough pliable base is provided, upon which the specially prepared surface is laid, and the chief point about the material is that it is absolutely impervious to wet, will not crack, and will stand a great strain without tearing. Pails of water can be poured over the rubber surface with impunity; nothing can soak in, and a rub down will render the garment absolutely dry." —Extract from "FIELD," 27/2/15.

SERVICE COAT (as illustrated) .. 70/-  
Also supplied with Detachable Fleece Linings. .. 5/6  
CAP COVER, with curtain (fixed or detachable) .. 7/6  
KHAKI RUBBER GAUNTLETS .. 55/-  
REGULATION WATERPROOFS, strong and reliable (Infantry or Cavalry) ..

WATERPROOF KIT in every detail.  
Oilskins, Waders, Leggings, Waterproof Boots, Sleeping Bag, Valises, Air Cushions, &c.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL BY RETURN.

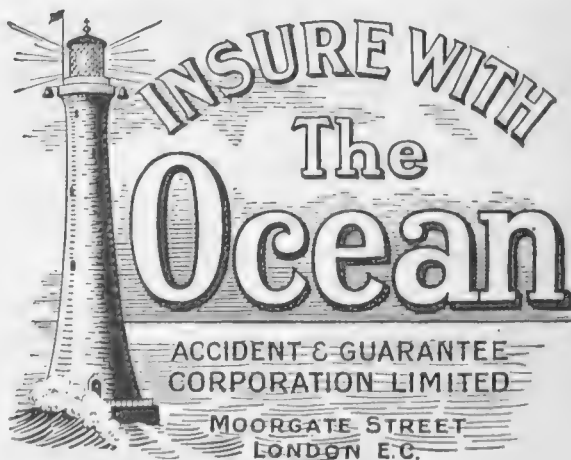
J.W. ELVERY & Co., Ltd.

Waterproof Specialists,

31, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

(One door from New Bond Street.)

Also at 46 & 47, Lower Sackville Street and 34, Nassau Street, DUBLIN, and 78, Patrick Street, CORK.







By Appointment.

"JUST TWO WORDS!"

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the best substitute for mother's milk because Milk is Nature's food for infants—one that cannot be improved on. Therefore

Try NESTLÉ'S MILK first;

it is so easily digested that it suits even the weakest infants.

For ample proof, see "Nestlé's Baby Book" giving the experience of hundreds of grateful parents in their own words. Post free from NESTLÉ'S, 6 EAST-CHEAP, LONDON.

Ask your Grocer or Stores Manager how you can send, carriage paid, tins, or a case of NESTLÉ'S MILK to the front. Our troops appreciate it immensely.

ASK FOR

# NOVIO

THE FINEST TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED

**CARTONS**

**ROLLS**

**PACKETS**

**ANTISEPTIC·THIN·SOFT·STRONG & SILKY**

The LANCET says: "We found that the statements made in regard to the merits of this paper are correct. The paper, at any rate, is free from injurious or irritating substances, is smooth, and, while firm, becomes soft and apparently soluble like thin rice paper in contact with water."

If you are not using "NOVIO" TOILET PAPER you are not using the BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL. Costs but little more than the cheaper makes, and the ROLLS CONTAIN MORE THAN DOUBLE THE QUANTITY.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE** In Rolls, Packets, Cartons, by all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, and Stationers. Made in ENGLAND by ENGLISH FIRM employing ENGLISH LABOUR.

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E.

## DR DE JONGH'S LIGHT - BROWN COD LIVER OIL

IN USE OVER SIXTY YEARS FOR CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST and THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEBILITY & GENERAL WASTING DISEASES. — SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES — Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO, LTD 182, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

## EVANS' PASTILLES

A reliable antiseptic remedy for throat complaints

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes. Sole Manufacturers:— Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., LIVERPOOL and LOND.N.

## Spring



THE awakening of the year is the season when your complexion most needs care. POND'S Vanishing Cream will help you to maintain your face, neck and arms unblemished and free from the spoiling effects of cold winds and rain. Apply it to your hands: it will remove all traces of roughness caused through household duties.

POND'S Vanishing Cream has won its popularity with leading Society and Stage Beauties by *sheer merit*. There is no Massage required—simply apply (morning and evening) with the finger tips. No stickiness, no stain, no greasiness. Deliciously and delicately perfumed. POND'S is the *original* "Vanishing Cream," and has never been excelled. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE SAMPLE TUBE for 1d. stamp for postage.

Sold by all Chemists in 1s. Tubes and 1s. and 2s. Jars.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 86), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 402 If you like the Cream, try POND'S Tooth Paste in 1s. Collapsible Tubes.

## Pond's Vanishing Cream



Ladies can help by supporting Home Industries. They will find tip - top value, comfort and style in

## Sphere Suspenders

Made in England by skilled British workpeople.

Prices 1/- to 3/- Postage 1d. extra.

If your Draper does not Stock, write to the SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., LEICESTER.

Ask for Booklet, "The Evolution of the Suspender," post free.



## Sports Coat.

FINE Knitted Wool Coat, for indoor or outdoor wear. Perfect fitting with Magyar Sleeve. In White and shades of Grey, Blue, Brown, Emerald, Purple, and Rose du Barri. Price EACH. **21/-**

If you have not yet visited our new premises you should do so. They contain the best values in the best lighted Store in London.

## Robinson & Cleaver

The Linen Hall, Regent Street, London, W.

## Wilson & Gill

VISIBLE IN THE DARK.

Illustrated Catalogue of Useful Presents Post Free.

WILSON & GILL'S NEW PATTERN

"SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH, WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

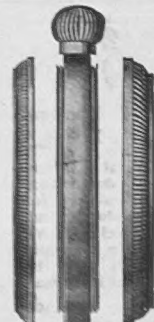


"THE GOLDSMITHS," 139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

"GUARANTEED TIMEKEEPER."

SOLID SILVER. £2 10 0

9-ct. GOLD. £5 5 0 18-ct. GOLD. £7 10 0



Section showing damp & dust-proof Front & Back unscrewed.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "Lost Sheep."

By VERE SHORTT.  
(The Bodley Head.)

For a good half of his story Mr. Shortt occupies himself with nothing but a careful, convincing study of the most fascinating regiment in the world, the Foreign Legion, the same that a journalist told us the other night has been pounded to fragments in our battle-fields of Northern France. From its first initiation in Paris, where the reckless recruit signs on in the little dingy building of the Rue St. Dominique, to its final development with the hardy *légionnaire*, drilled to the last turn on the edge of the Moroccan desert, the ways are unfolded of that wonderful band of fighters. Engaged for five years at a sou a day, the Legionary makes an incomparable soldier; and should he grumble at never being relieved in his pestilential stations by the Regulars, there is always the historic speech of the French General ready for him: "These men [referring to the French line troops] have parents and friends who will miss them if they die. You are here to die—it is your business—do it cheerfully." An Algerian beetle has given the name to the Legionary's very own disease—*cafard*, born of ennui and alcohol. Ennui is in the Algerian air, and alcohol is so cheap. Swift on the absinthe follows the *cafard*, the small beetle, as the soldier imagines it, wandering round his brain. An absorbing chapter relates an encounter with *les joyeux*, that bitter name for something infinitely worse than a legionary's fate; and then Mr. Shortt whisks off his reader to an enchanted Arab castle, a romantic lady, and Black Magic! It takes the phlegm of an Englishman to keep a steady head with such a leap, and Lingard, the once fashionable cavalry officer, not only kept it steady in the unprecedented circumstances, but fought as only heroes of romance, Legionaries—and Englishmen—can fight. And should the conscientious student of Mr. Shortt's earlier manner exclaim some "Buts" and "Hows" to these stirring fights, these devilish incantations, this adorable and adoring lady, there remains the quotation: "*Mais que veux-tu, mon salop? C'est la légion.*"

"Sinister Street."  
(Vol. II.)

By COMPTON MACKENZIE.  
(Martin Secker.)

It has now become possible, at the end of Vol. II., to examine Mr. Compton Mackenzie's hero down the long perspective of Sinister Street. He makes a gallant and a most likeable figure, does Michael Fane, and yet one pre-ordained to suffering. Once he dined in the Albany Chambers with an old family friend: "Here in the Albany Michael was immeasurably aware of the life of London that was surging such

a little distance away; but in this modish cloister he felt that the life he was aware of could never be dated—as if, indeed, were he to emerge into Piccadilly and behold suddenly crinolines, or even powdered wigs, they would not greatly surprise him. The Albany seemed to have wrung the spirit from the noisy years that swept on their course outside, to have snatched from each its heart, and in the museum of this decorous glass arcade to have preserved it immortally, exhibiting the frozen palpitations to a sensitive observer." That alone is sufficient to stamp the youthful undergraduate not yet up at Magdalen for his second term as an unusual undergraduate. The usual one has never felt like that when dining with a nice middle-aged gentleman at the Albany. And the unusualness strikes its full note in the word "sensitive." Michael was a "sensitive observer" from the time when he lay in his cot differentiating between its iron rails. If the Albany could stir such delicately poignant reflections in young Fane's brain, how would he respond to the reading of "Manon Lescaut," to the tantalising vision of his birthright sunk in illegitimacy—above all, to the compelling passion of love? With all his art and an intense sincerity Mr. Mackenzie answers those questions. One feels that he is concerned with Michael more than with any previous creation; that the standards, the conduct, the philosophy of life are involved with Michael's experience. The "Quixote" and the "Manon" on his college book-shelf awoke a theme in his being, which developed like a musical movement into the need to write something generous and atoning across the stain of his birth. And then, still in the terms of music, Lily drifted into those early openings, became part of them, dominated, and finally crushed them. At twenty-three—an age when, as Mrs. Fane truly said, nothing was ended—Michael ran away from it all to Rome, and there became very severe with himself and all his disillusioned Quixotry. Each reader will long to help Michael to his pet solution. A little of Nietzsche tonic, a breath of Zarathustra blowing like the south wind upon the ice of tradition; or—but no, Michael must just be left, as his author leaves him, to his cure of priestly dogma in the warm Italian weather.

The excellent idea of sending out to the front "named" motor ambulances, such as the "Laura," etc., originated by Lady Bushman, wife of Major-General Sir Henry Bushman, K.C.B., has met with ready recognition, but more funds are urgently needed. The value of the service they can render is indisputable, and only limited by the number for which funds can be raised, and ladies interested in the movement would do well to put themselves in communication with Lady Bushman, The Oke Field, Lyndhurst, Hants, who will be pleased to give full information.

## Make your HAIR beautiful!



Nature intended your hair to be beautiful. But unnatural conditions of living—in-sufficient outdoor exercise, worry, over-work, the strain of social duties, ill-health, &c., have robbed it of its natural lustre, and made it brittle, dull, scurfy. If you wish to make your hair beautiful, you must assist nature in nourishing the hair roots by daily rubbing into the scalp

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

This beautiful natural oil, delightfully perfumed with genuine Otto of Roses, being of an extremely fluid quality, flows quickly to the roots of the hair and affords the nourishment essential to the growth of

### LUXURIANT HAIR.

It removes scurf and prevents its recurrence, restores elasticity and strength, prevents falling out and premature greyness and baldness, and imparts a beautiful lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for false hair, and gives to whiskers, beard and moustache a dark hue and wavy appearance.

Prepared in a golden tint for fair hair.

Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, or ROWLANDS, 27, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

## THE OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, offers to Professional and Business Men, through its up-to-date Policies, complete protection against the many risks of Accident and Sickness to which All are exposed.

HEAD OFFICE:  
MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

## The Lightweight TRIUMPH

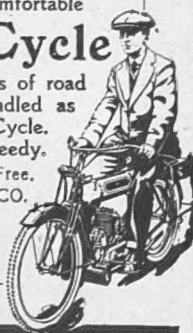
2 Stroke with 2 Speed  
is the most comfortable  
**Motor Cycle**

under all conditions of road and weather. Handled as easily as a Pedal Cycle. Economical and Speedy.

Catalogue Post Free.  
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO.  
LTD., Coventry.

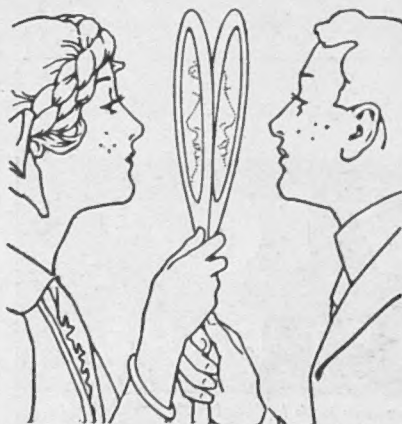
PRICE  
£42

Depôts and  
Agents  
Everywhere.



### DELICIOUS MILD FLAVOUR.

Thoroughly Dependable. Quality Guaranteed.  
No. 1. Sides. About 58 lbs. Unsmoked at 10½d. per lb.  
No. 2. Sides. About 45 lbs. at 9½d.  
Smoked Bacon 34d. lb. extra. Will keep 8 to 10 weeks.  
Delicious Boneless Fillets .. 12 lbs. at 11d. per lb.  
Dairy-Fed Hams .. 12 lbs. at 10½d.  
Carriage Free Anywhere. Send for Price List.  
BOADEN BACON Co., Redcliff St., BRISTOL



### DISTRESSING PIMPLES

Removed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear them with the Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. Repeat on rising and retiring. These fragrant super-creamy emollients do much for the skin.

### Sample Each Free by Post

With 32-p. book. Address F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C., Eng. Sold throughout the world.

## SERVICE DRESS FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

ACCURACY AND FIT GUARANTEED



PATTERNS POST FREE.

ONLY MAKER OF "HALLZONE" IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"

**21/- RIDING BREECHES**  
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 24s Gns.)  
We specialise on Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits.  
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

## HARRY HALL,

"The" Coat, Breeches & Habit Specialist.  
207, OXFORD ST., W. 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.  
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

**NATIONAL GUARD & V.T.C.**  
UNIFORMS FOR OFFICERS & MEN.  
TO MEASURE IN 24 HOURS.  
FIT & ACCURACY GUARANTEED

The Illustrated London News

**FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.**

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C.

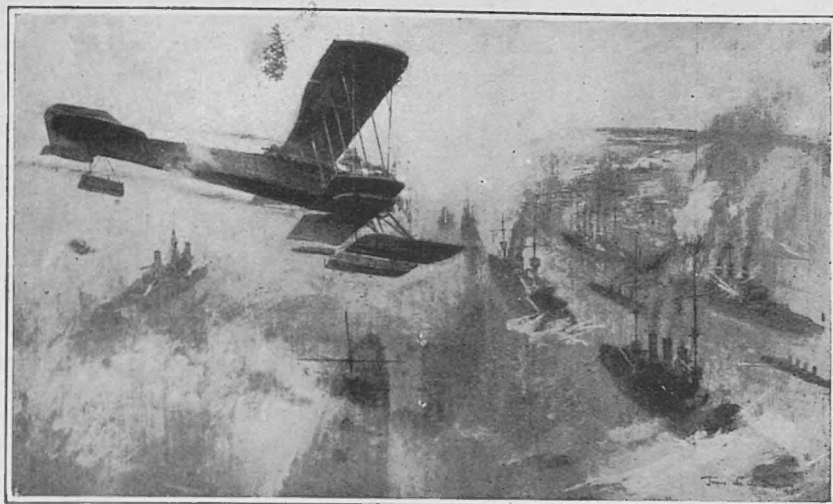


# GREAT-WAR DEEDS.

*The Finest Tribute to the Glory of the Royal Navy & the British Army.*

**THE MOST WONDERFUL NUMBER EVER ISSUED.**

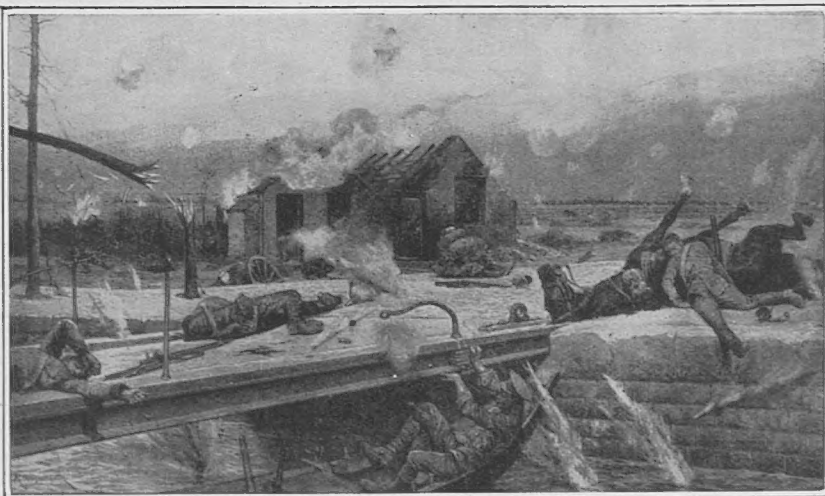
28 Photogravures, each worth a guinea ; together with a large Photogravure Proof by R. Caton } *The Whole for*  
Woodville, "THE DEFEAT OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARD BEFORE YPRES." } **2/6**



FLIGHT-COMMANDER HEWLETT.—CUXHAVEN RAID.

A publication which makes you feel that you actually witnessed the most glorious deeds performed by our soldiers and sailors in the Great War.

Every picture has been painted specially for this number by Great Britain's most famous War-Artists ; and none has been published previously.



ROYAL ENGINEERS.—LANCE-CORPORAL C. A. JARVIS, V.C.



HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.—PRIVATE WILSON, V.C.

Every painting has been carried out with strict adherence to accuracy in every detail. In all cases, the details have been checked with a care that has enabled the artists to show exactly what occurred.

28 Photogravures (each 20 in. by 11½ in.).

A large Photogravure Panorama (40 in. by 12 in.).

## THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" GREAT-WAR DEEDS

OF

The Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Air Service, the Naval Brigade, the British Army, the Territorial Force, the Indian Army, the Canadian Contingent, and the Australian Navy.

Order Now.]

**READY MARCH 22.**

[Order Now.

PUBLISHING OFFICE : 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



# Wana-Ranee

*The Perfume of Ceylon*

Regd

**H**APPILY described as a breath of the spice-laden breezes of its native home, fragrant with the perfume of many flowers, Wana-Ranee is a characteristic and distinctive perfume. A trial will convince the user that this is a triumph in sweet smells and is indeed

## A Dream of Eastern Fragrance.

A most complete series of toilet aids has been prepared with Wana-Ranee. Each article is the very best of its kind and all have the delicious fragrance of the original perfume. Wana-Ranee preparations are a necessity for the full enjoyment of the ideal toilet.

## Send for the Trial Outfit

of perfume, soap, face cream, and face powder, with a copy of the new toilet guide, post free for 6d. Address Dept. W 1, Messrs. J. Grossmith & Son, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

## All Chemists and Perfumers

sell the standard sizes of Wana-Ranee and its accessories. Perfume, 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6. Hair Lotion, 3/3. Toilet Water, 3/- Brilliantine, 1/- and 1/9. Dental Cream, 1/- per tube. Face Powder, 1/- Toilet Cream, 1/- Soap 6d. and 1/- per tablet. Bath Crystals, 2/6 and 4/6. Sachet, 6d. Cachous, 3d. per box.

**J. GROSSMITH & SON**  
DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES

NEWGATE ST  
LONDON



### I heard a young mother talking to her little son about his teeth, telling him how important it is that the teeth be kept clean.

"If you want to be a big strong boy," she said, "and then a big strong man, you must have good teeth. And to keep your teeth sound you must remember now, while you are a little boy, to brush them twice every day." The young mother told me that the youngster liked the taste of the Ribbon Dental Cream and that this had helped her in inducing him to form the important daily habit. Of course, she talked with him about it now and then to impress on him the great advantage to his health and comfort that comes with this daily care. "Then twice a year," she added, "I have the dentist look him over."

You, too, should use  
**COLGATE'S**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK.

COLGATE & CO. (Dept. U) 9/17/15 (Est. 1806)  
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me trial size of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM. I enclose ad. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.

Name .....  
Address .....

Packed in handsome tube that will not rust. Most convenient for OFFICERS' KITS, and always ready for use.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**  
Makers of the famous  
Colgate Shaving Stick.



**Samuel  
Johnson's  
Good Sense.**

"ALL fear is in itself painful, and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration therefore by which groundless terrors may be removed adds something to human happiness."

**PRICE'S  
NIGHT  
LIGHTS**

(93 Awards)

give a sense of security  
to imaginative children  
and highly-strung adults

